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MOUNT EVERETT AND BASHABISH FALLS.

"Take thy flight,—possess, inherit
Alps or Andes, they are thine;
With the morning's roseate spirit
Sweep their length of snowy line.

"Or survey the bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors drest,
Plung from off the purple pinions
Evening spreads throughout the west."

PERHAPS you are an invalid just creeping out into the free air and sunshine to get reinvigorated during the summer months from the effects of lung-fevers, influenzas, and bilious derangements. Perhaps you are a merchant, with brain tired and heart weary with anxieties about profit and loss and business pressure. Perhaps you are a teacher, with patience worn out in ill-ventilated school-rooms, and are sick of juvenile stupidities and depravities. Perhaps you are a man of leisure and have lounged about watering-places; or, following the guide-books, have done up the usual fashionable routes, and would like to see Nature in some new moods and aspects. Perhaps you are a minister, and have preached out everything you know, and other things you only guessed at, and are now left ex-

hausted and collapsed in body and mind. To all such people, the voice cometh which saith, Up into the celestial ethers! Respiration is what you need.

We once heard of a good lady, — not, it must be confessed, of a very philosophical turn, — who, when her husband was in the gasp of death, came bustling into the room with an important piece of advice. A new idea had struck her. She came up to the bedside, and rousing the sinking patient, said to him, "Keep on breathing, my dear, be sure to keep on breathing, and then we will try to get you well." To all the drooping people aforesaid, we reiterate the good lady's advice with the utmost confidence, "Be sure to keep on breathing;" but in order to this they must go where they can find the material out of which breath is to be made.

It is said that scores of people live in hearing of Niagara Falls who never saw them. Even so thousands of our Massachusetts pleasure-hunters do not know, we suspect, that their own State has some of the finest scenery in the world, and that there is one special point around which she unrolls it in one magnificent and glowing picture.

The Green Mountain range, as it runs down through Massachusetts, parts into two ridges. The most western of these is the Taghkonic ridge, running through Berkshire, and culminating in Mount Everett and his brethren of the hills. The town of Mount Washington is the southwestern corner town of Massachusetts, and lies cuddled like an eagle's nest among the peaks of Taghkonic, that lift it up into the sky and separate it from all mundane affairs.

I grew up in sight of Mount Everett, about ten miles from it, and used to stop playing sometimes, and look off with mysterious wonder towards that tremendous pile of blue, behind which the sun would drop down out of sight in the western sky. What it was, and what lay over the other side, and why it always put on that mystic blue veil, were questions that troubled me. And I could easily

have been persuaded that Brahma or Olympian Jove made it their dwelling-place. All I could get out of the neighbors who sowed and reaped in sight of it was, that "rattlesnakes lived there," and so we called it "Rattlesnake Mountain." Notwithstanding this ugly nickname, its awful grandeur "haunted me like a passion."

Not long since, going back to the old play-grounds where the giant used to loom upon me, he seemed to look off through the ten miles with a sort of reproving countenance. Somehow for the first time we came into *rapport* with each other. It had rained all night, and the atmosphere the next morning had a delightful transparency. Mount Everett seemed to have come more than half-way to meet us, his blue veil perfectly translucent, the very trees outlined, and the shrubbery itself distinctly visible. He had moved up close to us, and looked not two miles off. He seemed talking to us in this way: "Here I stood and lifted up to your boyhood the image of power and grandeur. Here I have dwelt alone and tried to win the dwellers below. And for all this I have been nicknamed and given over to rattlesnakes! Are we never to understand each other?" It never occurred to me before that mountains must have a sort of semi-consciousness, and that they like to be appreciated. Why not? Away up there amid the cold and the thunder-claps, can we blame them for laying some claim upon our warm human sympathies? At any rate I felt some compunctions, and answered: "We have wronged thee! We'll come and meet thee, and return thy salutations, O thou father of the Berkshire hills!"

To execute so virtuous a resolution you go first to the thriving village of Great Barrington. You find a guide, very suave and accommodating, who will put you and two or three others with you into an easy open vehicle drawn by two horses, and you are soon riding through the lovely vales of South Egremont, and nearing the giant

shadows of Taghkonik. The nearer you come, the more precipitous the mountains appear, and you wonder how you are to scale those cliffs without wings. Suddenly a ravine opens, and you wind into it and are swallowed up in the shadows of the tremendous gorge. You ride along one side of it, looking up at the right through overhanging trees, and down to the left into a leafy chasm, where a stream tinkles and meanders out of sight. You fancy what would happen if the carriage should run a little too far to the left, and how long it would take to roll down into the darker depths of that leafy abyss. As you grow a little nervous, the agreeable guide soothes you by telling you that that is the spot where a traveller was murdered, and down in that chasm his bones were found. You wonder if this is not the very "murdered traveller" whom Bryant commemorates, and you think of "the fearful death he died, far down that narrow glen." You climb and climb, and at length emerge out of the gloomy forest, and the town of Mount Washington opens upon you, spread out there in its eagle nest,—fields of rye, pastures with flocks and herds, farm-houses, and school-houses. These lie in a lofty basin rimmed in on all sides by the mountains, except where the gorges open between. The mountains rise to two thousand feet above the country around, and one thousand above the centre of the basin of which they form the rim, hemming in this mountain-hollow from the world, and lifting it up towards the heavens. Mount Everett is the highest point of the eastern rim, or towards the Massachusetts side. Cedar Mountain and his compeer—I forget his name—rise on the western rim, or on the New York side.

You turn towards the left to scale Mount Everett. It is easily done, for you have half scaled it now. You drive to the foot of it on the Mount Washington side, and walk the other thousand feet; you soon reach the summit; you pause to thank God, and pity those who have died without the sight!

All Berkshire is unrolled under your eye. Its broad sweep of hill and valley from Vermont to Connecticut line is all there, with its cultured farms in their voluptuous green, its jagged hills running down into sheltered vales, where nestle the villages around the church-spires that call the weary farmers to worship God. There were the homes of the Sedgwicks, and the Deweys, and of Bryant, into whose prose and verse this commingling grandeur and grace have transfused themselves in ever fresh and breezy inspirations. Off to your left looms up "Monument Mountain," which you have wanted to see ever since the musical periods of Bryant's description have haunted your memory. Right under you, almost within calling distance, is the summer home of Orville Dewey, whose first volume of sermons opened the way to you out of Calvinistic thorn-roads into realms of free thought, glorious as this expanse of his own native hills. Southward lies Litchfield County in Connecticut, and westward stretches Columbia County in York State, its green undulating farms and orchards melting away towards the Catskill range, which lifts up its deep blue pile into the heavens, and shuts you off in that direction. An amphitheatre closed in by the Catskill on one side and Mount Tom and Holyoke on the other, a hundred and fifty miles across, including nearly all Berkshire,—the Switzerland of Massachusetts! The White Hills have more of rugged and barren awfulness, but no such endless wealth of beauty and loveliness. The buxom breezes are always passing over and fanning the top of Mount Everett with a most delicious coolness, though not with the exhilarating properties of the cold draughts of the White Hills, which make you half conscious of wings.

Coming down from Mount Everett you cross over through the basin to the rim on the New York side. Going about three miles you enter a ravine, and follow the course of a stream till you come to Bashabish Falls.* You come to

* This is an Indian name, and means *dashing water*.

where the western rim by some convulsion seems to have split in two, and a rocky chasm yawns, two hundred feet deep, down which the stream dashes and foams in endless torture, while the spray, "the sweat of its great agony," ever rises out of it like a prayer for mercy out of the bottomless pit. You take a footpath along the edge of the chasm. You look over into it sometimes, and then hold your brain. If there are any ladies with you, you observe how they will trip along the edge of a precipice and look over into the jaws and away down two hundred feet into the throat of destruction, leaning over it as they would over a flower-bed. You expect every instant to see them drop over the edge; you crawl up and clutch a handful of crinoline, and retreat with it, anxious to lengthen out their probation a little longer. You let yourself down one steep after another; you lose your hat, which runs faster than you can and leaps into the chasm; you finally stand at the foot of the Falls, and look up through the terrible fissure with a new sense of the Omnipotence that rent the rocks to let the stream come through. There is a house kept open at the foot of the Falls, for the refreshment of travellers. I am sorry to have forgotten the name of the obliging landlord, who does everything at very moderate compensation for the comfort of his guests.*

You will be very foolish if you do not stay and look at Bashabish by moonlight, even if you have to wait till midnight before the fairy spectacle can take place. The water does not take that leap of two hundred feet all at once.† It is broken mainly into two falls, one above the other, the walls of granite and gneiss towering up on each side of the chasm nearly perpendicular, crowned with thick foliage,

* To all the seekers after health and pleasure, be it known that there is also a house at the foot of Mount Everett, on the Mount Washington side, where people are boarded at fifty cents a day, and furnished with all that flesh *ought* to desire.

† Some of the geographies make the Falls *fifty feet*, which is absurdly inaccurate, as any practised eye will see at once. The whole descent cannot be less than I have stated.

whose deep green contrasts fantastically with the wild and awful grandeur underneath, like beautiful wreaths around the jaws of Orcus. You take your stand after nightfall at the foot of the chasm, and look up into its darkness dimly pierced by the stars. If you wait long enough, you will see a great light struggling through the trees at the top, and trying to set them on fire. It does not seem to be in the sky, but right at the beginning of the great fissure, where the trees lean over it and hide it. You lift the glass, and the trees at the top turn into one great blaze, and presently the moon swims through the trees, seeming to touch them and clothe them with innocuous flame, and pour a great flood of silver down the abyss, tinging the waterfalls and rocks, and filling the vast fissure with a white glory. The fairy scene soon passes away, for the moon swims across the fissure and is hid again behind the great mountain rim, seeming only to have come and looked down through the rent, to light up the abyss for your special edification and wonder.

Be sure not to leave Bashabish Falls till you have seen the sun set from the top of Prospect Mountain. That is the name of the height at the head of the Falls, and it commands a view of the whole gorge, to where it widens and finally opens out into Columbia County, on whose slopes of green you feast your eye away to the Catskill Ridge. You watch the intermingling colors as the sun wheels down behind the Catskill. First the black shadows in the gorge right under you, then the soft green of the Columbian landscapes taking on a tinge of purple, then the light and airy cerulean lying beyond, then the deep dark blue of Catskill himself, heaved up and lapping on to the sky, as if claiming to be a part of it, then the clouds that make ridges above him in gold and purple; and over all a dream-like haze, idealizing the whole picture with a floating veil of orange and crimson and violet-blue, till it swims before you as one vast sheet hung down from the throne to heighten or

fill up your ideals of the Paradise of God. You seem to have parted with earth already and earthly things, and you would not be surprised if, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, you saw the forms of the immortals, melting through the paradisiacal colors, or heard the harpers harping with their harps. You stay there till the colors fade out and the drenching dews have brought you to your senses, and you come down from Prospect Mountain chanting Wordsworth for a hymn of gratitude and praise:—

“Had this effulgence disappeared
 With flying haste, I might have sent
 Among the speechless clouds a look
 Of blank astonishment;
 But 't is endued with power to stay
 And sanctify one closing day,
 That frail mortality may see —
 What is? Ah, no, but what *can* be!
 Time was when field and watery cove
 With modulated echoes rang,
 While choirs of fervent angels sang
 Their vespers in the grove;
 Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
 Warbled for heaven above, and earth below,
 Strains suitable for both. Such holy rite,
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now
 From hill or valley, could not move
 Sublimier transport, purer love,
 Than doth this silent spectacle, — the gleam,
 The shadow, and the peace supreme!”

And this is what lay beyond “Rattlesnake Mountain,” the mysterious giant that so haunted my boyhood with its gloomy grandeur. * Very similar to what lies beyond the gloomy shadows of death, so different from our imaginings. For thus haunted are we with strange fancies about it, and so paradisiacal will be the scenery when we have passed through the death-gorge and gained footing on Prospect Hill. Yea, so different now, when our vague imaginings turn into faith; for what is faith but a Prospect Hill to which the gates of Paradise are flung open wide?

And all this beauty wild and soft, and this sublimity both gorgeous and grand, I might have died without seeing, had I not made friends with the Mountain Power who sent over to us that reproving look through the clear air of that summer morning,—coming over to us with his paternal benediction, and his invitation, “Come up from your flats and your murky hollows, O ye children that drudge and grovel! and drink the nectar of the gods above you.” I *have* been, and crave pardon of thee for my late repentance, and my early neglect and ingratitude, O thou patriarch of the Berkshire hills. S.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STRANGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SIXTH RECOLLECTION.

THE next morning some one knocked very early at my door, and my old Doctor, the Hofrath, came in. He was the friend, the soul and body restorer of our whole village. He had seen two generations grow up; the children whom he had brought into the world had become fathers and mothers, and he looked upon them all as his children. He himself was unmarried, but he was fair and strong to look upon even now in his advanced age. I never remembered him looking differently from what he did as he stood before me at that moment; his clear blue eyes shining out from under his bushy eyebrows, his full white hair still looking strong as in youth, waving and abundant. His shoes, too, with the silver buckles, his white stockings, his brown coat, which always looked new, and which always seemed to be the same old one, I cannot forget it; and his cane was the

very same which, when I was a child, I had so often seen standing by my bed, when he was feeling my pulse, and prescribing for my ailments. I had often been ill, but my belief in this man had always made me well again. I never had the least doubt that he could make me well, and when my mother said she must send for the doctor, so that I might be well again, it was to me just as if she said she must send for the tailor to mend my torn trousers. I had only to take the medicine, and I felt that I must be well again.

"How are you, my boy?" said he, as he came into the room. "You don't look right well,—must n't study too much. But I have n't much time to chat to-day, and have only come to tell you, you must n't go to see the Countess Maria again. I have been with her all night, and it is your fault. So, do you hear, if her life is dear to you, go not again to see her. As soon as possible she must go away and be carried to the country. It would be best for you to travel a little. So good morning, and be a good youth."

Saying these words, he gave me his hand, looked affectionately into my eyes, as if he would exact a promise from me, and then went away to look after his sick children.

I was so much surprised to find that another had penetrated in such a manner into the depths of my soul,—indeed, that he even knew what I did not know myself,—that I did not recover myself till he had been gone some time. And then my mind was like water that had been long over the fire without moving, but which all at once begins to bubble and boil, and rises and rushes till it overflows.

Not to see her again? But I only live when I am near her. I will be quiet, I will not say a word to her, I will only stand at the window while she sleeps and dreams. But not to see her again? Not even to take leave of her? She does not know now, she cannot know, that I love her.

And, after all, I do not love her, — I desire nothing, I hope nothing, — my heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence, — I must breathe her spirit, — I must go to her! And she expects me. And has Fate led us two together without object? Should not I be her comfort, should not she be my peace? Life is not a mere game. It does not draw two souls together, like two sand-grains in the desert, which the sirocco whirls together and then separates. The souls which a friendly destiny leads to us we should hold fast, for they are destined for us, and no power can tear them from us, if we have courage to live, to struggle, and to die for them. She must despise me if I forsake her love at the first rolling of the thunder, as I would leave the shadow of a tree under which I had dreamed away such blessed hours.

And then I became all at once quiet, and I listened only to the words, "Her love," and they resounded like an echo from all the recesses of my soul, and I was frightened at myself. "Her love," — and how had I deserved it? She scarcely knows me as yet, and if she could love me, must I not acknowledge to her that I do not deserve the love of an angel? Every thought, every hope which arose in my breast, fell back again, like a bird who tries to fly out into the open sky, and who sees not the grating which surrounds him. And yet, why is all this blessedness so near and yet so unattainable? Cannot God do wonders? Does he not perform them every morning? Has he not often heard my prayers, when I offered them in perfect faith, and did not leave him until comfort and help came to the faint and weary one? These are indeed no earthly goods for which we pray, — it is only that two souls which have found and recognized each other should venture to perform together, arm in arm and eye to eye, this short life-journey, that I might be a support to her in sorrow, she a consolation or a sweet care to me, until we reach the goal. And if a later spring should be granted

to her life, if her sufferings should be taken from her, O what blessed images were passing before my eyes! The castle of her deceased mother in the Tyrol belonged to her,—there on the green mountains, in the fresh mountain air, among a vigorous, uncorrupted people, far away from the rushing of the world, from its cares and struggles, without rivals, without critics, in what blissful peace could we meet the evening of our days and “pass away silently like the evening twilight”! Then I saw the dark lake with its living light upon the waves, and within the clear shadow of the distant glacier, and I heard the bells of the herds, and the songs of the shepherds, and I saw the cow-herds going over the mountains with their staffs, and I saw the old and the young, how they collected together in the evenings in the village, and everywhere I saw her as an angel of peace hovering over them all, and I was her guide and her friend. Old fool! I exclaimed, Old fool! Is thy heart still always so wild and so soft? Man thyself,—think who thou art, and how distant from her. She is friendly, she likes to see herself reflected in another soul; but her childlike confidence and openness show plainly that no deeper feeling for thee lives in her breast. Hast thou not seen, in many a clear summer night, when thou hast wandered alone through the beech groves, how the moon shed her silver light over all the leaves and branches, and how she enlightened even the dark, disturbed waters of the pond, and was reflected gloriously even in the smallest drops? So does she look on thy dark life, and so mayst thou bear her soft light reflected from thy heart; yet hope not for a warmer glance!

Then all at once her image came before my eyes as living; she stood before me, not as a remembrance but as an apparition, and I was for the first time conscious how beautiful she was. It was not the beauty of form or color which dazzles us at the first glance at a lovely girl, and which then passes away as soon as a spring blossom. It was

rather the harmony of her whole being, the truth of every movement, the inspired expression, the perfect penetration of the body by the spirit, which had so genial an influence on those who looked upon her. The beauty which nature so lavishly scatters does not content us, if the being who is endowed with it does not appropriate it to itself, and, as it were, deserve and conquer it. It rather disturbs us, as when we see on the stage an actress strutting about in royal apparel, and remark at each stride how little the dress suits her,—how little it belongs to her. The true beauty is grace, and grace is the intellectualizing of everything heavy, corporeal, and earthly; it is the presence of the spirit, which makes even the ugly beautiful. The more I regarded the apparition which stood before me, the more I perceived everywhere the noble beauty of her form, and the spiritual depth of her whole being. O what blessedness had been so near to me!—and was it all only to show me the summit of earthly bliss, and then to plunge me back at once into the flat sandy desert of life? O that I had never dreamed what treasures the earth conceals! But to love once, and then to be forever alone! to believe once, and then forever to despair! to see the light once, and then be forever blind!—that is a torture, compared with which all human torture-chambers vanish away.

Thus did the wild chase of my thoughts rush hither and thither, until at last all was still, and the tempestuous impressions began by degrees to arrange and fix themselves. This tranquillity and exhaustion may be called meditation; but it is like seeing again. One leaves time for the mixture of thoughts, until they all crystallize of themselves, according to eternal laws; we look on the process as an observing chemist, and when the elements have taken a form, we often wonder at ourselves that they and that we are so wholly different from what we expected.

The first word which I spoke when I awaked from my trance was, "I must go away," and at the same moment I

sat down and wrote to the Hofrath that I would go away for fourteen days, and leave everything to him. An excuse for my parents was soon found, and by evening I was on my way to the Tyrol.

SEVENTH RECOLLECTION.

Wandering arm in arm with a friend through the valleys and over the mountains of the Tyrol, one may drink in the fresh breath and the fresh joy of life. But to go over the same path solitary and alone with one's thoughts,—that is lost time, lost trouble! How am I helped by the green mountains and the dark ravines and the blue lake and the majestic water-fall? Instead of my looking on them, they seem to look at me, and to wonder at the lonely man; and my heart is oppressed by the thought that I have found no one in the world who would rather be with me than with any other. With such thoughts I awoke every morning, and, like a song that one cannot get out of his head, they followed me all day. And when I went into the inn at night, and sat down wearied out, and the people in the room looked at me, and every one wondered over the solitary wanderer, then I was forced out again into the darkness, where no one could see that I was alone; and not till quite late did I return, and go silently to my chamber, and throw myself on my hot bed,—and then till I fell asleep, Schubert's song was resounding through my soul: "There where thou art not, there is bliss." At last the sight of the people whom I met everywhere, who were rejoicing, exulting, and laughing together over the glorious Nature around them, became so intolerable, that I slept in the daytime and pursued my journey from place to place during the clear moonshine. There was at least one emotion which drove out and distracted my thoughts, and that was fear. For let one try it, to go the whole night through alone among the hills, uncertain of the way; where the eye, unnaturally excited,

sees distant forms which it cannot master; where the ear, with marked intensity, perceives tones without knowing whence they come; where the foot stumbles all at once, whether entangled in some vine straggling out of the rocks, or at a slippery path moistened by the spray from a water-fall, — and at the same time desolate solitudes in the heart, — no remembrance by which we can warm ourselves, no hope by which we can clamber up, — let any one try it, and he will feel the cold shudder of night both inwardly and outwardly. The first terror of the human heart springs from the thought of being forsaken by God; but life drives it away, and men, who are created in the image of God, comfort us in our solitude. But when their love and consolation desert us again, then we feel what it is to be forsaken both by God and man; and Nature with its dumb face rather terrifies than consoles us. Yes, even when we plant our feet firmly on the firm rocks, they seem to tremble like the sand of the sea, from which they have gradually been formed; — and when the eye longs for light, and the moon rises behind the pine-trees, and their peaked tops are sharply outlined on the rocky wall opposite, it appears to us like the dumb index of a clock, which has been once wound up, and which will one day cease to strike. Even among the stars, and in the distant vault of the sky, nowhere is there a resting-place for the mind which trembles and feels itself alone and deserted! Only one thought sometimes brings us comfort, — that is the peace, the order, the infinity, and the perfection of Nature. There where the waterfall has covered the gray stones on both sides with dark-green moss, the eye suddenly perceives in the cool shadow a blue forget-me-not. It is one of a million sisters which blossom at this moment by all the brooks, on all the meadows of the earth, and which have blossomed since the first morning of creation scattered over the earth the whole riches of the uncreated. Every vein in its leaves, every stamen in its cup, every fibre in its roots, is counted, and no power on the

earth can increase or diminish them. When we sharpen our purblind eyes and throw with supernatural power a deeper glance into the mysteries of Nature, when the microscope opens to us the secret workshop of the seed, the bud, and the flower, then we perceive anew in the finest webs and cells the infinitely repeated form, and in the finest filaments the eternal uniformity of the plan of Nature. Could we penetrate still deeper, everywhere would the eye meet the same world of forms, and as in a mirror the eye would lose itself in the infinite. Such an infinity lies buried in this little flower! And if we look upwards to the sky, we see again the eternal order, how moons revolve around planets, planets around suns, and suns around other suns, and to the sharpened eye, even the distant *nebulae* become another beautiful world. Reflect, then, how those majestic stars circulate in order that the seasons may change, that the seed of this forget-me-not may germinate again and again, its cells open, its leaves push forth, and its flowers adorn the carpet of the meadows; and look at the butterfly which cradles itself in the blue flower-cup, and whose awaking to life, whose enjoyment of existence, whose living breath, is a thousand times more wonderful than the texture of the flowers, or the dead mechanism of the heavenly bodies,—feel that thou also belongest to this eternal order, and thou mayst comfort thyself with the infinity of creatures which revolve with thee, which live and fade away with thee. But all this, with its smallest and its greatest, with its wisdom and its power, with the miracle of its existence, and the existence of its wonders, is the work of a Being before whom thy spirit does not shrink back in dread, before whom thou prostratest thyself in the feeling of thy weakness and nothingness, and to whom thou risest again in the feeling of his love and mercy,—thou art inwardly conscious that something lives in thee more infinite and eternal than the cells of the flowers, the spheres of the planets, and the breath of the moth,—thou perceivest in thyself as in a

shadow the splendor of the Eternal which gives thee light, — thou feelest in thee and over and under thee the Omnipresence of the Reality, in whom thy appearance will become being, thy anguish tranquillity, thy solitude universality; then thou knowest to whom thou callest in the dark night of life: "Creator and Father, may thy will be done, as in heaven also on earth, as on earth so also in me." Then all becomes clear in and around thee, the morning twilight with its cold mists disappears, and new warmth streams through trembling nature. Thou hast found a hand which thou never wilt quit again, which will hold thee when mountains shake, and moons are extinguished, — wherever thou art, thou art near him, and he is near thee, — he is the Ever-near, and his is the world with its flowers and thorns, his man, with his joys and sorrows. "The smallest thing does not oppose thee unless it be His will."

With such thoughts, I went on my way. Sometimes I was sad, sometimes cheerful; but when we have found tranquillity and peace in the deepest recesses of our spirits, it is yet difficult to remain in this sacred solitude. Indeed, many forget it again after they have once found it, and often scarcely know which way leads back to it.

Weeks had passed away, and not a syllable from her had reached me. "Perhaps she is dead, and lies in silent peace," — this was a line from another song, which hovered on my tongue, and continually returned, however frequently I put it away from me. It was indeed possible, for the Hofrath had told me she had some disease at the heart, and every morning when he went to her, he prepared himself to find her no longer alive. And if she had left the world without my having taken leave of her, without my saying to her at the last moment how much I loved her, would I ever forgive myself? Must I not pursue her until I should find her again in another life, until I had heard from her that she loved, that she forgave me? How do men trifle with life, how do they put off from

day to day the best which they might do, the most beautiful which they might enjoy, without reflecting that each day may be the last, and that lost time is lost eternity. Then I recalled to myself the words of the Hofrath when I saw him the last time, and I felt that I had only resolved on the sudden departure in order to show him my power, — that it was more unpleasant to me to show him my weakness and to remain. Now it became clear to me that there was but one duty for me to perform, — to return to her without delay, and to bear everything which Heaven should send us. But just as I made out the plan for my return, there suddenly recurred to my memory the words of the Councillor: "As soon as possible she must be carried to the country." She had told me herself, that she should pass most of the summer at her castle. Perhaps she was there, quite near me; I could be with her in a day. Thought, done; with the dawn of day I arose, and in the evening I stood at the door of the castle.

The evening was still and clear. The mountain peaks shone in the full golden lustre of the sunset, and the lower cliffs were glowing with a rich purple. From the lake a gray mist was rising, which became light the moment it reached the higher regions, and then moved like an ocean of clouds over the sky. And this whole play of colors was mirrored again in the gently moving surface of the dark lake, on whose shores the mountains seemed to be sinking and rising, so that only the tops of the trees, and the pinnacles of the church-towers, and the smoke rising from the houses, indicated the line which separated the real world from its reflection. But my glance was directed only to one point, and that was the old castle, where a presentiment assured me that I should find her again. No light was to be seen in the windows, no step disturbed the stillness of evening. Had my presentiment deceived me? I went slowly through the outer gate, and up the steps, till I stood in the fore-court of the castle. Here I

saw a sentinel pacing to and fro, and hastened to the soldier in order to inquire who was in the castle. "The Countess is here with her attendants," was the short answer, and in an instant I was standing at the door of entrance, and had drawn the bell-rope. Then first it came into my head what I had done! No one knew me, — I dared not say who I was. I had been wandering for weeks among the mountains, and I looked like a mendicant stroller. What should I say? for whom should I ask? But here was no time for consideration; the door opened, and a porter in princely livery stood before me, and looked at me with astonishment.

I asked if the English lady, who I knew never left the Countess, was in the castle; and when the porter said that she was within, I asked for paper and ink, and wrote to her that I had come here to inquire for the Countess's health.

The porter called a servant, who took in the note. I heard every step in the long hall, and with every moment of detention my situation became more and more intolerable. On the walls were hanging old family portraits of the princely family, knights in complete armor, ladies in ancient costume, and in the midst of them a lady in the white dress of a nun, with a red cross on her breast. I had so often seen these pictures before, and never thought how in their breasts also a human heart had once beaten. But now it seemed to me as if I could read all at once whole volumes in their features, and as if they all said to me: "We too have once lived; we too have suffered." Under this steel armor mysteries lay hidden once, as now in my own breast. This white dress and that red cross are living witnesses, that here also a contest was fought out, like that which now rages in my heart. And now it seemed to me as if they all looked compassionately upon me; and then there lay again a high pride in their features, as if they would say, "Thou dost not belong to us." It became constantly more and more strange to me,

when suddenly light footsteps waked me from my dreams. The Englishwoman came down the stairs, and asked me to come into a room. I looked at her inquiringly, to see if she understood what was passing within me. But there was perfect repose on her features, and, without permitting herself the slightest expression of sympathy or of surprise, she said to me in measured tones, that the Countess was better to-day, and invited me to come in in half an hour. A good swimmer, who has ventured out far into the sea, and does not think of returning till his arms are already beginning to grow weary; who then divides the waves hastily, and scarcely ventures to direct his eye to the distant shore; who feels his strength failing with every stroke, and scarcely sustains himself until, at last, without intention, and spasmodically, he scarcely retains any consciousness of his situation,—then suddenly plants his foot on the firm ground, while his arm surrounds the first stone of the shore,—so was it with me, when I heard these words. A new reality had come to me, and all I had suffered was a dream. There are but few such moments in the life of man, and thousands have never known their blessedness. But the mother who receives her child in her arms for the first time, the father whose son returns to him covered with glory from the war, the poet who is the idol of his own people, the youth who returns the warm pressure of the hand of her he loves with one still warmer,—they know what it means when a dream becomes reality. The half-hour had passed, and a servant came and led me through a long suite of apartments, opened a door, and in the dim light of evening I saw a white figure, and behind her a high window, which looked out upon the lake and the glowing mountains.

“How strangely human beings meet each other,” met me from her clear voice; and each word was like a cooling rain-drop after a hot summer’s day.

“How strangely men meet, and how strangely they lose

each other," said I; and saying this, I seized her hand, and felt that we were again near and with each other.

"But that is the fault of people when they love each other," she went on, and her voice, which always seemed to accompany her words like music, fell involuntarily into a softer tone.

"Yes, so it is truly," I replied; "but first, tell me, art thou well? and may I talk with thee?"

"My dear friend," said she smiling, "I am always ill, and when I say that I feel well, I do it only for the sake of my old Doctor; for he is firmly convinced that from my first year, I owe my whole life only to him and his skill. Before I left the Residenz, I frightened him terribly, for one evening my heart suddenly ceased to beat, and I felt such a distress, that I thought it would never begin to beat again. But that is past, and why should we speak of it? One thing only has troubled me. I always thought I should once close my eyes in perfect rest; but now I feel that my sufferings will disturb and embitter even my departure from life." Then she laid her hand on her heart, and said: "But tell me where hast thou been, and why have I heard nothing from thee this long time? The old Hofrath gave me so many reasons for thy sudden departure, that I was forced to tell him at last I did not believe him,—and then he gave at last the most incredible of all reasons, and guess what?"

"Incredible it may appear," I broke in, so that she could not finish what she was saying; "and yet it was perhaps only too true. But all that is past, and why should we speak of it?"

"But no, my friend," said she, "why should that be past? I told the Councillor, when he gave me his last reason for thy sudden departure, that I could understand neither him nor thee. I am a poor, sick, forsaken being, and my earthly existence is nothing but a slow dying. Now, if Heaven has sent me yet a few beings who understand me, or, as

the Councillor expresses it, who love me, why then should this disturb my peace or theirs? I had just been reading in my favorite poet, old Wordsworth, when the Councillor made his confession to me, and then I said: 'My dear Councillor, we have so many thoughts, and so few words, that we are forced to hustle in a good many thoughts into each word. Now if any one who did not know us should hear that our young friend loves me, or I him, he might suppose that we loved as Romeo Juliet, or Juliet Romeo, and then you would be quite right if you should say that must not be. But is it not true, thou lovest me also, my old Councillor, and I love thee, and have already loved thee for many years, and yet perhaps have never acknowledged it to thee, and I have not been despairing or even unhappy about it. Yes, my dear Councillor, I will say still more to thee: I believe you have an unhappy love for me, and are jealous about our young friend. Do you not come every morning and inquire how I am, even when you know that I am quite well? Do you not bring me the best flowers from your garden? Have I not been forced to send you my picture, and — perhaps I ought not to betray you — did you not come last Sunday into my room when you thought I was asleep. I was truly asleep, at least I was not able to move. But I saw you sitting a long time by my bed, your eyes constantly turned upon me, — and I felt your eyes like sunbeams playing on my face. And at last your eyes were weary, and I felt great tears falling from them. Then you veiled your face in your hands, and sobbed out, Maria, Maria! Ah, my dear Councillor, our young friend has never done that, and yet you have sent him away.' As I was talking with him in this way, half in jest, half in earnest, as I always speak, I felt that I had hurt the old man. He remained quite silent and looked shamefaced, like a child. Then I took a volume of Wordsworth's Poems, in which I had just been reading, and said: 'There is another old man whom I love, and love with

my whole heart, who understands me, and whom I understand, and yet I have never seen him, and shall never see him,—it is just so on the earth. Now I will read you a poem of his; there you will see how one can love, and how love is a silent blessing, which the loving lays on the head of the beloved, and then goes on his way in happy pensiveness.' Then I read to him Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl.' And now, my friend, draw the lamp nearer and read the poem to me, for it refreshes me whenever I hear it,—there is a spirit breathing through it like the silent, infinite evening twilight, that spreads its arms there above, loving and blessing, over the innocent breast of the snow-covered mountains."

As her words, uttered so slowly and quietly, penetrated my soul, it became also at last again still and solemn in my heart;—the storm had passed by, and her image swam like the silvery light of the moon on the gently moving waves of my love,—that ocean which streams through the heart of all men, and which each one calls his own, while it is really a universal pulsation of the whole of humanity. I would rather have been silent as the Nature which lay without before our eyes, and which was growing darker and stiller; but she gave me the book, and I read:

"Sweet Highland girl," &c.

I finished reading, and the poem had been to me like a draught of fresh spring-water, such as I had often lately drawn out in pearly drops from the cup of a large green leaf.

Then I heard her soft voice, like the first tone of the organ that rouses us from our musing prayer, and she said: "So I wish that thou shouldst love me, and so also the old Councillor loves me, and so in one way or another we should all love each other and believe in each other. But the world, though I hardly know it, seems not to understand this love and this faith; and men have made, on this earth,

where we might live so happily together, a truly miserable existence.

"That must have been different in earlier times, or else how should Homer have created the lovely, healthy, tender figure of Nausicaa! Nausicaa loves Odysseus at the first glance. She says so at once to her friends: 'Would that such a man were my husband, and that it would please him to stay here.' Yet she is ashamed to appear with him at once in the town, and she says to his face, that, if she should bring home with her such a beautiful stately stranger, the people would say she had got a husband for herself. But when she hears that he wants to go to his home, to his wife and his child, no complaint escapes from her; she disappears again from our sight, and we feel that she will long bear in her breast the image of the beautiful stately stranger, in silent joyful admiration. Why do not our poets recognize this love,—this joyful acknowledgment and this tranquil separation? A modern poet would have made out of Nausicaa a female Werther,—and that is because love is for us nothing more than a prelude to the comedy or tragedy of marriage. Does no other love exist now? Is the source of this pure happiness dried up? Do not men still know the refreshing fountain, but only the intoxicating draught of love?"

At these words, I remembered the English poet, who complains thus:—

"From heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament,
What man has made of man!"

"How happy are the poets, nevertheless," said she. "Their words call into existence the deepest feelings of a thousand speechless souls; and how often have their songs become already the acknowledgment of the sweetest mysteries! Their heart beats in the breast of the poor and of the rich,—the happy sing, the sorrowful weep with them.

But I can find no poet so perfectly my own as Wordsworth. I know many of my friends do not prefer him; they say he is no poet. But that is exactly what I like in him, that he avoids all customary poetical phrases, all exaggeration, and everything which we understand by the wings of Pegasus. But it is *true*; and what a world of meaning is implied in this little word! He opens our eyes for the beautiful, which, like the hawk-weed in the meadow, lies at our feet; he calls everything by its true name,—he does not desire to surprise, deceive, or dazzle any one,—he desires no admiration for itself,—he only wishes to show men how beautiful everything is which the human hand has not injured or destroyed.

“Is not the dew-drop on a blade of grass more beautiful than a pearl set in gold? Is not a living spring, which meets us on our way, coming from we know not whither, more wonderful than all the artificial water-works of Versailles? Is not Wordsworth’s Highland Girl more lovely, is it not a truer expression of real beauty, than Goethe’s Helena or Byron’s Haidee? And then the simplicity of his language and the purity of his thoughts! What a pity that we have never had such a poet! Schiller might have been our Wordsworth, had he had more confidence in himself than in the old Grecians and Romans. Our Rückert comes nearest to him, had he not also sought consolation and a home away from his poor native land among Eastern roses. Few poets have courage to be wholly that which they are. Wordsworth had it; and as we willingly listen to great men, even when they are not great, but give out their thoughts quietly, as other mortals are wont to do, and wait patiently for the moments when a dearer glance shall open to them new views into the infinite; so I like Wordsworth, even in those poems which contain nothing but what any one else might have said. Great poets allow themselves rest; we often read a hundred verses in Homer without a single beauty, and so also in Dante; whilst Pindar, whom

you all admire so much, drives me to despair with his ecstasies. What would I not give to be able to spend a summer at the lakes, to visit with Wordsworth all the places to which he has given names, to greet all the trees which he saved from the axe, and just once to see with him the distant sunset, which he describes as only Turner could have painted."

It was so peculiar, the way in which her voice never fell, as with most people, at the end of her discourse, but on the contrary rose, and always ended as in an inquiring seventh accord. She always spoke up, never down, to her hearers. The melody of her sentences was like that of a child asking, "Is n't it so, father?" There was something imploring in her tone, and it was almost impossible to contradict her.

"Wordsworth," said I, "is to me also a favorite poet, and a yet dearer man; and as one often has a more beautiful prospect and animated view from a little hill, which one has ascended without difficulty, than when he has climbed up Mont Blanc with pain and fatigue, so it is with me in reading Wordsworth. At first he often seems to me commonplace, and I have often laid down his poems without being able to understand why the best minds of England at the present time can cherish such an admiration for him. I have, however, convinced myself that no poet in any language, whom his nation or the intellectual aristocracy of his people acknowledge as a poet, can remain unenjoyable. Admiration is an art which we must learn. Many Germans say, Racine does not please us; the Englishman says, I do not understand Goethe; the Frenchman says, Shakespeare is a clown. And what means this? Nothing more than when a child says, I like a waltz better than a symphony of Beethoven. The secret is to find out and to understand what each nation admires in its great men; and he who seeks the beautiful will find it at last, and will see that the Persians themselves are not wholly mistaken in their Hafiz, nor the Indians in their Kalidasa.

We do not understand a great man at once ; strength, courage, and perseverance are requisite for the purpose, and it is strange how that which pleases us at the first glance but seldom enchains us for a long time."

"And yet," she said, "there is something which is common to all great poets, all true artists, whether Persians or Indians, Heathen or Christian, Romans or Germans. I know not how to call it, but it is the Infinite which seems to be behind them, a far-reaching glance into the Eternal, a spiritualizing of the small and the transient. Goethe, the great heathen, knows 'the sweet peace which is from heaven.' And when he sings,

' Over all the mountains
Is peace;
From all the fountains
Hearest thou
Scarcely a breath;
The little birds are still in the forest :
Wait a little, soon, ah soon,
Thou too shalt rest !' —

does there not unfold over the tops of the tall pine-trees an endless expanse, a peace such as the earth can never give? This background is never wanting to Wordsworth, and, the scoffers may say what they will, it is only the unearthly, be it ever so much concealed, which moves and excites the human heart. Who has understood earthly beauty better than Michel Angelo? but he understood it because it was to him a reflection of supernatural beauty. Thou knowest his Sonnet:—

' By beauty's power my thoughts to heaven take flight,
(Naught else on earth can so delight my mind,)
Living I rise amongst the saints in light,
A grace which mortal man can rarely find.

' With the Creator so his work accords,
That by divinest thought it leads above,
And so inspired are all my thoughts and words
While beaming, glowing thus for her I love.

‘So that whene’er I cannot turn my sight
From those fine eyes which ever on me shine,
In them I find the ever-guiding light
That shows the path leading to things divine.

‘And if in their bright beams my spirit burns,
A heavenly joy with this pure flame returns.’”

She was exhausted and stopped speaking,—and how could I disturb this silence? When, after a friendly exchange of thoughts, human hearts feel themselves content, and are silent, we may well say that an angel is hovering in the room; and it seemed to me as if I heard the light rustling of the wings of the angel of peace and love over our heads. While my eyes were fixed upon her, the lovely covering of her spirit seemed transfigured in the twilight of the summer evening, and only her hand, which I held in mine, gave me the consciousness of her actual presence. Then all at once there came a clear brightness over her face,—she felt it, opened her eyes, and looked at me, as if startled. The wonderful brightness of her eyes, which the half-closed eyelids covered as with a veil, flashed out like lightning. I looked around me, and saw at last that the moon had just risen in full splendor between two hills opposite to the castle, and was beaming with its friendly smile over the lake and the village. Never had I seen Nature, never her lovely face so beautiful, never had such blessed peace diffused itself through my spirit. “Maria,” said I, “in this illuminated moment let me, just as I am, declare to you all my love; let us, now that we feel so powerfully the nearness of the spiritual world, unite our spirits by a bond which can never be severed. Whatever love may be, Maria, I love thee, and I feel it, Maria, thou art mine, for I am thine.”

I kneeled before her, and dared not look in her eyes. My lips touched her hand, and I kissed it. Then she withdrew her hand, at first hesitatingly, but afterwards decidedly and quickly; and when I looked up, there was an

expression of pain on her countenance. She was still always silent ; but at last she raised herself up with a deep sigh, and said : " Enough for to-day. Thou hast given me pain ; but that is my fault. Close the window. I feel a cold shuddering over me, as if a strange hand moved me. Stay by me, — but no, — thou must go away. Farewell ! Sleep well, — pray that the peace of God may be with us. We meet again, — shall we not ? to-morrow evening, — I will expect thee."

O, where had at once all the heavenly peace gone ? I saw how she suffered, and all that I could do was to hasten quickly away, to call the English attendant, and to go solitarily, in the darkness of night, to the village. I walked for a long time up and down by the lake, — long were my glances directed to the lighted window where I had just been by her side. Finally, the last light was extinguished in the castle, the moon rose higher and higher, and every peak, every angle, every ornament of the old walls, became visible in the fairy-like illumination. And here was I wholly alone in the silent night, and it was as if my brain refused me its service ; for no thought came to an end, and I only felt that I was wholly alone upon the earth, — that no soul existed in it for me. The earth was like a tomb, and the dark sky a shroud, and I scarcely knew whether I were alive, or had long since died. And then I looked up all at once at the stars, with their shining eyes, which were moving so tranquilly on their way, — and then it seemed to me as if they were only there to comfort and enlighten man ; and then I thought of two heavenly stars, which had risen so unhopd for on me in the dark sky, and a prayer of thanksgiving rose from my heart, — a thanksgiving for the love of my angel.

(To be concluded in next No.)

THE PEACE OF GOD.

O PEACE of God, sweet peace of God!
Where broods on earth this gentle dove?
Where spread those pure and downy wings
To shelter him whom God doth love?

Whence comes this blessing of the soul,
This silent joy which cannot fade?
This glory, tranquil, holy, bright,
Pervading sorrow's deepest shade?

The peace of God, the peace of God!
It shines as clear 'mid cloud and storm
As in the calmest summer day,
'Mid chill as in the sunlight warm.

O peace of God! earth hath no power
To shed thine unction o'er the heart;
Its smile can never bring it here, —
Its frown ne'er bid its light depart.

Calm peace of God, in holy trust,
In love and faith, thy presence dwells, —
In patient suffering and toil,
Where mercy's gentle tear-drop swells.

Sweet peace, I see thy heavenly ray,
And long to light my taper there;
Then should I meet the cares of life,
Like angels, answering to prayer.

THE LIFE TEMPORAL AND THE LIFE ETERNAL.

A SERMON BY REV. E. C. CUMMINGS.

JOHN xii. 25: — "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

THERE is a temporary life. There is a life eternal.

Look at the trees of the field, the herb of the ground. They live; they die. The life of any plant in particular may be destroyed, but the species lives. The elm that you plant for ornament may fail. But there is no failure of the elm as one family of God's vegetable kingdom. That is as enduring as this one of the earth. God keeps up a constant creation in its behalf. And even should the whole species become extinct, the idea survives, hid in the Eternal Mind, but ready to spring forth into sensible reality at the word of power.

I presume that the thought contained in the word *eternal* may have grown up in the human mind through some such comparison. The age of one individual is short. The age of a race is the age of an individual multiplied by the number of all the generations, — an age of ages. This is vast, immeasurable, — yet conceived as possibly limited. But the thought and power which are the ground and source of all generations, — the Being who is the fountain of beings, — the Being whom no exertion can exhaust, whom no creation can add to, whom no destruction can diminish, — here you are confronted with the absolute; here the thought of duration sinks in the thought of life. The everlasting procession of worlds and ages is moved by him who is self-existent. And if, gazing upon the mighty and complex order, the soul asks, — Whence? and whither? Creation responds, with the voice of the Prophet of old, — I AM hath sent me unto you. But the voice is in your own being. This wisdom which you have is God-given. It is not in the heaving ocean, or in the fixed mountains, or

in the planetary movements, to give you the idea of eternal being. All these belong to time. They are signs and hints. Your soul is the power which can take the hints. On this bank and shoal of time you are the representative of the Eternal One. You image him in such sort as nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath can equal. Instantly there is born in your soul the grand, ultimate thought of self-existence, and ages of experience can add nothing to its immutable certitude. You have eternity in a moment, when you have the intuitive belief that God is. We have nothing to do with abstract duration. We have everything to do with the living God. In him is life,—and the life is the light of men. The eternal life then is the divine life,—the life of God.

But this eternal life has been manifested in and through life which is temporary, and is so manifested.

First, it was made manifest in Christ, as the perfect revelation.

Secondly, it is made manifest in Christians; imperfectly, but more and more as they grow up towards the fulness of Christ.

I. Let us consider the eternal life as it was revealed through the human and temporary life of the Lord Jesus. Then we shall understand better what the eternal life is.

The Son of God is the child of Mary,—an infant in the manger. He realizes that period of natural instinctive dependence, with which in ordinary persons we do not associate any moral action, good or bad. There is the growing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. There is the amiable natural affection, the instinctive spontaneous obedience; while in this unpolled nature there lies the germ of what is infinitely glorious, the eternal life of voluntary duty. By and by we behold this eternal life asserting itself.

Jesus is twelve years old,—and he is full of the con-

sciousness of God, his Father. Nothing can hinder him, but he must be about his Father's business. No sensuous fondness for familiar scenes, no attachment of habit to customary occupations, no coveted embraces of that sweet mother crowning the endearments of a peaceful home, no sense of personal danger in being left to himself, no shrinking from the supercilious rebukes of learned but unspiritual teachers, can hold him back. The eternal life, the life of spiritual exertion and duty, has borne him clear away from temporary courses of natural boyhood;—and, "Behold," says Mary reproachfully, "thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." They wist not that he must be about his Father's business; and so, stooping to their feebleness of right, he returns, and is subject to them. But what subjection is that! A subjection to inspire awe. No wonder the susceptible mother hid everything in her heart, waiting still further revelations in the life of her Son. His Father's business! It was the work not of natural subordination, but of spiritual duty. Listening to the doctors and asking them questions, or the humble carpentry of Joseph,—it matters not which,—it matters not what the ministry, so that it be glorified with the light of an eternal life. The natural affection was perfect. But after that slight break, ruffling the fondness of parental attachment only to assert the fervor of imperishable love, you behold no longer mere natural and necessary kindliness. That type of life, beautiful but temporary, has passed away. You cannot find it. It is all absorbed in the excelling glory of spiritual devotion. Now there abounds in the humblest office the same free, principled, all-surmounting love which said to the beloved disciple, Behold thy mother! This love is not born of a changing, temporary physical organization. It is from God. It belongs to the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It was not for the Son of Man to love and save up the natural life, since

it was meant to be lost, except so far as it might serve the purpose of containing and revealing that which is substantial and eternal.

Again, Jesus is about to enter upon his public ministry. The lowly offices of the household are to give place to the mighty acts of a world-historic drama. The carpenter's tools are laid aside that the Messiah, the Prince, may develop and plant the germ of endless dominion. Not untested or unschooled does Jesus enter upon this mighty work.

He is led of the Spirit into the wilderness; and in that houseless solitude he fights in spirit, and in spirit wins the whole battle of his subsequent career. The question is whether that which is temporary or that which is eternal shall bear sway. It is whether Jesus will love his life in this world and lose it, or, hating his life in this world, keep it unto the life eternal,—the same question which received its ultimate and triumphant answer in the cross.

After his miraculous fasting Jesus is an hungered. Nature solicits sustenance as truly and as importunately as if there were no interest but that. Nature perishes without support, and so is instant in its demands, while spirit dwells in the calmness of reason, and reposes in the confidence of eternal being. Has not Jesus supernatural power? Can he not command the stones to be made bread, or in some more secret way serve his frail flesh by the might of his spirit. Are not all resources of nourishment his own? And can he not command them, especially when such command will prove his Divine power? Could no ingenuity of argument on the part of Satan avail to stir the spirit from the solemn poise of its eternal judgment so much as a hair's breadth towards the rule of appetite? No. The tempter finds his point of contact in the perishable flesh, and so even against the legitimate demand of the flesh Jesus asserts the immutable supremacy of the spirit. The tempter is welcome to avail himself of a natural appetite, welcome to appeal to a natural and logical respect for a

lower truth. But he can find nothing to his purpose in Jesus. What if he be incarnate and akin to earth? he is moveless as the unchangeable truth.

But this assault is only upon the outer works of the fortress. No need of any harder fighting, if the adversary could gain an advantage here. But there are avenues to still higher points of attack. There are suggestions which by their very loftiness might seem less removed from the rational regards of the Lofty One,—more fitted to win him from his self-determined humiliation. Put the preserving care of the Father to the test. Let the world see that even your body is embosomed in his vigilant and ceaseless love. Can they fail to accept you then as the Son of God?

Or at least accept the kingdoms and the glories of this world. Do not insist to the very last degree upon that estate which obscures your real character. Concede to me, though I be Satan, that you may turn my realms of sense and intellect, my achievements of war and empire, to some account as a make-weight in the scales of your eternal administration. Confess just the least obligation to your adversary. How far is Jesus above all the wisdom of this world! All temporal advantages, all arts and arms, all the crazy dignities and bulky, tottering dominions of the age, are no quantity when compared with the heavenly kingdom. Nay, they cannot be compared with it. They belong to the disorganized and chaotic material through which the new creating power is to travel. Get thee behind me, Satan. Perish what is perishable. The tree of life will appropriate what it wants, and no more, out of this compost, in which the earthly, sensual, and devilish are in such offensive proportion. How mean and hateful is the life in this world, brought into conflict with that life which is not peculiar to any particular world,—the life eternal. How sharply has our Saviour asserted the eternal truth in the conduct of his physical life! But it is only when he loses this life that we behold his final victory,—the utter and ultimate supremacy of the life eternal.

The hour came when the Son of Man was to be glorified. All that the world calls life, and covets as such, even to the flesh in which he tabernacled, he had taught to be not only of no worth, but really dangerous and hateful, as against that spiritual rectitude which is the true immortality. To do the Father's will, to finish the Father's work here, was the meat and drink of the eternal life.

But this doctrine of dying in order to live might have seemed but an impracticable theory to our poor perceptions, and quite repugnant to our poorer hearts, had not our Master carried it out to the death. Our Lord knew well that Cæsar is not content with the things that are Cæsar's, and that the world does not of course render unto God the things that are God's. The world does not brook the serene contempt of its vanities. If Jesus would not accept their earthly things, the men of this world, on the other hand, were as little inclined to receive his heavenly things. The rulers of the darkness of this world, foiled in the wilderness, pushed on to what they deemed a victory upon Calvary. They came out with swords and staves against him who had been daily with them, the teacher, the healer, — against him who bore no sword, and gave his cheek to the smiters. The hierarchy and the empire, the heathen and the people, against one man. They rage and think — vain thing! — to shake and crush him. He treads the wine-press alone, and of the people there are none to help him. Where are the legions of angels? Where the heavenly guards? They minister, but they only stand and wait. Jesus lays down his life that he may take it again. His body is broken for us, that it may become the bread of everlasting life. Duty is life. Thy will be done, O Father, is the eternal life of the Son. Can any violence touch it? Is it found to be forever incarnate? Be it that the tempter is destroyed, can he not raise it up? How conquer death? By dreading, by shrinking, by fleeing? Nay, that is to be conquered by death. Drink the cup. Endure the cross. This is con-

quest. This is glory. Thus was the Son of Man glorified, and God was glorified in him. Death and the grave are made tributary to eternal life. The wrath of man has spent its blow, and is utterly restrained, just at the point where it ceases to work the praise of God. The wicked could pierce and kill the body, even of the Lord. It was their hour and the power of darkness. But they had no more that they could do. They could not guard the sepulchre. They could not impugn the testimony to the resurrection. They could not impede that second coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. Henceforth they must bow in submission, or tremble in dismay.

Our Saviour laid down his life that he might take it again,—died that he might live,—live without the limitations incident to our mortal state. Now he reveals himself to his disciples, not to the world. He cannot be appropriated by the senses. He cannot be confined by family connections and personal intimacies. He cannot be hemmed in by the compass of his public ministrations. His dominion cannot be restricted to the meagre nationality out of which he sprang. Not of the Jews only is he king, but of the Gentiles also. He is impartially related to every human creature. His is the universal religion. He is exalted in a transcendent, divine, immutable manhood,—glorified with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. All angels worship him. Even our dubious and laggard adoration is struggling for a voice in the eternal harmonies. We do well to exclaim, "O the depths!" as we lose ourselves in the thoughts of this mystery of sacrifice,—the Son of man loving not—yea, hating—his life in this world, keeping it unto the life eternal.

II. Having spoken of Christ, let us, in the second place, say a word of the Christian. He, too, is born to the eternal life. He receives a kingdom that cannot be

moved, though of himself he be but as a reed shaken by the wind.

It is plain that the text has a special appropriateness to the noble army of martyrs,—those who in all ages have resisted unto blood, striving against sin. But having recognized duly the honorable distinction which belongs to them as to the mode of their witnessing, we are still to regard the testimony itself as essentially one with that which every Christian must bear. We may, we must conduct our lives so as to turn our deaths into a testimony to the Gospel of the grace of God. It will not do for a Christian to be much afraid of dying, or wilfully set upon living in this world. It is enough for the disciple to be as his Master. Nothing short of this is enough.

We are tempted to love our lives in this world. It is no narrow observation which Satan indicates when he says, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life,"—albeit there may be exceptions to the remark. So long as a man is not brought to this test, he is apt to give his life for all that he can get. Existence, though it be that of a brute, is a boon. A short life may be merry. Food, dress, houses, nature, business, books, society, reputation,—these things do minister pleasure. But he who lives for them lives to lose all, and at the end to be a fool. By as much as life is happy and successful as to perishable things, by so much is it dangerous and hateful, if it be deaf as an adder to the holy voices of truth and love. Hate such a life if you would be a Christian. Have you health? Have you strength or beauty? How will you thank God for his good gifts, but by offering them to him upon the altar of your spiritual devotion? Use, not waste, your natural life. Be ready to sacrifice it at any moment, and to any extent, that the law of the spirit may demand. It is made to pass away, and to give place to the life eternal. You lose it, and you lose the fruit of it, in so far as you attempt to save it at the expense of your spirit-

ual growth. If you believe that Jesus is the Christ, take up your cross daily, and follow him. Neither fear nor shun pain while you tread in his footsteps. If you do not follow him really and practically, your faith is vain; you are yet in your sins.

But who can tell the beauty of that life, which, through all its stages, is a real, deep, though often perhaps unconscious, worship of Jesus? The body a temple of the Holy Ghost. Sweet natural gifts enclosing the germs of all spiritual graces. The free and responsible spirit alive unto God, moving the manifold activities of a changeful, busy life according to an unchangeable principle of devotion. Ties of nature hallowed by good-will to all mankind. Special friendships baptized in the eternal charity. Common words, common acts, common pursuits, all dipped in the hues of heaven. The soul tried, girded, pressing on to larger service. The will firm and persistent in the will of God, let fortune frown or flatter. The life diffusive, always giving its sweet doctrine, dropping as the rain, and distilling as the dew, refreshing the dry and thirsty places. Earth fading, heaven filling. Life dreamy and illusive on the surface, serene and pure and prophetic in its hidden depths. Then the glorification through death, — precious death, precious in the sight of the Lord, who welcomes home a saint, — precious in our sight, who seem to overhear the voices of the blessed ones, and wish ourselves among them.

THERE is but one only rule and article in divinity; he that knoweth not well the same is no divine; namely, upright faith and confidence in Christ; out of this all the other do flow and issue forth, and without this article the other are nothing. The Devil (said Luther) hath opposed this article from the beginning of the world, and would long since willingly have rooted it out, and instead thereof have laughed in his fist. Sorrowful, broken, tormented, and vexed hearts (said Luther) do well relish this article, and they only understand the same.

HASE'S "LIFE OF JESUS" AGAIN,

WITH THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE "INDEPENDENT"
TO READ THE SAME.

IN the May number of the "Monthly Journal," the organ of the American Unitarian Association, we find the following paragraphs with reference to criticisms upon Hase's Life of Jesus in this Magazine and in the Independent:—

"The 'Independent' thinks 'every Biblical scholar should put himself in possession of them.' The 'Religious Magazine' thinks 'it ought not to have been translated at all, but should have been kept for the use of those only who could read it in German.'

"The writer in the 'Independent' does by no means approve of the work in all its positions, but states very distinctly, that, by concealing the existence of a legendary element in the Gospels, Hase admits what is a 'subtle poison diffused over the whole body of Christian truth.' But then, notwithstanding this admission, he advises that the book should be read for its solid and valuable criticisms. In other words, while the Unitarian shrinks from a book in which truth and error are mingled, and advises it to be let alone, the Orthodox organ recommends it as indispensable to every Biblical student, *notwithstanding its errors*.

"Thus the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. A Unitarian periodical objecting to the inquiry which an Orthodox periodical advocates and encourages!

"Here is the good done by the scholars at Andover, by Horace Bushnell, by the Beechers, by Moses Stuart, and other such brave and earnest men. They have made all investigation possible, and laid open the way into all earnest, serious study. Let us thank God for their labors, and for the works which do follow them."

Since, as we suppose, the above paragraphs were written, there has appeared in the "Independent" an article entitled "A Positive Faith," which shows, as we think, that "the whirligig of time" has not yet got completely round, though in these last raw and gusty days it has been swinging about pretty wildly. We must wait a little longer, a good while

longer, we hope, for the "revenges." We have space only for a part of the article.

"When the late Professor Norton of Cambridge denounced the reproduction in this country of the views of Strauss, as the latest form of *infidelity*, Mr. Theodore Parker and his admirers complained that Unitarianism was itself guilty of the illiberality which it had charged upon Orthodoxy. Yet the seeds of scepticism then sown have brought forth such a harvest of unbelief, that leaders in the Unitarian ranks, who feel any respect for the earlier faith of their body, are with one voice demanding a more positive and earnest reiteration of their faith in the Bible as the Word of God."

Then follow appeals to the arguments of Dr. Bushnell and the charges brought by Dr. Schaff of Mercersburg, (whose exceedingly guarded letter "upon the propriety and prospect of publishing a translation of Hase's *Leben Jesu*" is prefixed to the book in question,) against the Rationalistic theologians of Germany, after which the article continues thus: "Two earnest protests against this Rationalistic type of Infidelity appear in the last number of the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, a Unitarian periodical edited," &c., &c. These two protests are contained, first in a letter from our colleague, and second in the very notice of the "Life of Jesus" which has struck the writer in the "Monthly Journal" as so sadly behind our religious times; and from both the "Independent" quotes freely, emphasizing by means of italics some of the sentences which perhaps were the least satisfactory to those who approve of Hase's book. "We are glad," writes the Independent, "to see these signs of healthy reaction from Rationalistic Infidelity."

We wish that we had space for the whole article. It would certainly not serve much better than our own little notice by way of commendatory preface to the Translation.

We might well enough leave this matter here. Indeed, when the "Life of Jesus" appeared, we might have written: "We can by no means accept all the negative criticisms which are embodied in this able and spirited book; on the

contrary, there is much set down upon these pages against which we must earnestly protest. Yet the student of the Gospels and of the Life of our Lord will find here most valuable assistance, — very often, to be sure, only in the way of antagonism; and those who wish to be familiar with the course which New Testament study is taking in our days, especially amongst German theologians, will be thankful to Mr. Clarke for putting this volume into good plain English, — as plain as he could." So the thing would have passed in an altogether euphemistic and quiet style. But the truth is, that, if we had been influenced by no other and higher considerations, we have too much respect for the translator to write in this way of anything with which he has had anything to do. That translator is a believing man, if there is one in our community, and an honest and earnest man too, — a genuine worker in the Lord's vineyard; and when he has done what he regards as an important piece of work, he has a claim to get something more than twaddle by way of acknowledgment. His book ought to have had an article, and not merely a notice. He is a frank man, and deserves frankness. He is a true man, and deserves truth. Because of our admiration and affection for him, as well as for most weighty impersonal considerations, we felt bound to write out our mind upon this translation. If we had been able to command time and space, we should have stated our objections to the book more at length; extracts in illustration of our criticisms we should not have given, because, whilst there is a place for all things somewhere, there is no place for such things in this *Home Magazine*; they belong rather to journals which are occupied with theology as a science, and even in these are necessary evils. Here we shall take for granted very much which elsewhere is questioned or denied; we write for those who have not yet had Rationalism, or for those who have had it and have got over it, or for those who, having the disease, can be cured of it, (as we admit all cannot be, though many can,)

not indeed by "sentimental or rhetorical Christianity," but by the simple testimonies and affirmations of Christian experience, the experience which is enjoyed by a multitude of "unlearned and ignorant men," whose Christianity, as it was not put into them by exegesis or historical criticism, or argumentation of any kind, so it cannot be put out of them by any ingenuity of Rationalism.

We have looked at this Translation again, and whilst we are glad to admit that there is more in it which is *positive* than we at first realized, and that as a piece of Rationalism it seems to us less objectionable than it did upon the first examination, we must nevertheless say that the book is utterly unsatisfactory, regarded as an attempt to bring to the knowledge of learners the story of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We must call it, in all earnestness and with deliberation, exceedingly shallow and limited, and wholly beneath the subject, — fatally deficient and unsatisfying for the very reason that, as the writer in the Monthly Journal admits, "it looks at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God," and this we maintain is *not* "the true course of study," and, if it were, a book which treats only of the "first man" can give us no adequate conception, indeed scarcely any conception whatever, of "the Lord from heaven." Just as God has revealed himself by his Eternal Word to the soul of man, and guided by this Light we gather up from a fragmentary and seemingly imperfect natural world, and from the mysterious ways of Providence, what we call proofs of a Being of infinite perfections, — the sufficient witness being all the while in our own hearts, and they who have not this Light within finding nothing, — so, taught by the Spirit of the Lord, the Spirit which led the disciples without any written Gospels into all Truth, and then wrote the Gospels by them, we have learned, being the children of the Church, that Jesus is the Christ, and the Lord of glory, and in this persuasion we read the New Testament, and find there what we bring with us. It would

be there even if we did not find it. The reality is not merely subjective. And yet the preparation from the Lord which has been providentially secured to the world cannot safely be omitted, and of all men he is not the man to help us in our reading of the Word who has studied it through and through, and has found therein no Son of God, but only a Son of man. If I have been a student of Nature, and have arrived at the opinion that, whilst the world is wonderfully good and beautiful, it is also in some particulars strangely defective, and have concluded therefrom that the Creator of the world must be in some way limited, I have nothing of any religious value for one who, believing in God because he is at one with God, finds him everywhere, and is silent before Him when he encounters an unfathomable mystery. Hase, as it seems to us, fails to find in the Gospels and in the story of Jesus the principal thing, the thing without which all the rest is comparatively insignificant, and will never keep its place in our world. The merely human side of the character of the Master can have no special claim upon the minds and hearts of men in all ages and lands. Even admit, as Dr. Hase seems inclined to do, faultlessness, spiritual wisdom in an eminent degree, a singular power over nature, a certain control of the springs of life, and an ever growing and heightening purpose consecrating disappointment and apparent defeat, and *you have not yet the first thing upon which to found a Supernatural Religion and a Divine Church, the Truth and the Spirit, for man as man in all ages.* You have great truths, glorious and quickening examples, admirable precepts, encouraging views of life and death, a pure spirit; but after all nothing *absolute and final, not the Way, the Truth, the Life,—not the only Name given under heaven whereby humanity may be saved.* Accordingly, in reading sermons or essays upon the character of the Lord, which are occupied only with the human side, we are oppressed by a continual sense of disappointment;—after all, nothing is brought forward which

differences the Saviour in any really essential particular from the spiritual heroes and sages of our race. We recognize a constant effort to make out a distinction which the description does not justify, and, accumulate epithets as we may, the tendency is ever to bring the Master down to a companionship, which, noble as it is, is strictly and properly human. No *man*, however exalted and wonderful, however inspired and pure, can be the Saviour of all men, in all time. Regarded on the human side, there is no reason why men and women and children, the world over, should devote themselves to the study of the life of Jesus, which would not hold in a high degree of the study of the life of Socrates, — a life of marvellous moral and spiritual beauty, and ever consciously guided by a heavenly spirit.

And our criticism upon this German book comes briefly to this, — not merely that it raises difficulties about one and the other record or miracle, without presenting with any fulness what can be said on the side of our traditional faith, but that it rehearses and unfolds only the life of a *man*, when what the Church believes in, and would learn about, is the life of God in man, the story of Christ the Redeemer. And we said, and we repeat with fresh emphasis, that, if the New Testament contains no such divine story, if there is nothing there but what Dr. Hase finds there, then it is of no use to read and study it in our churches, to open and maintain Sunday schools for explaining it, — then there is no Church, only a company of men and women who find in Jesus of Nazareth thus far their wisest and best man, whom for the present, at least, they will do well to regard, though indeed imitation always condemns the imitator to mediocrity, and truth can never be received upon authority. We said that "we should close a Sunday school at once, and dismiss the scholars, rather than put such a text-book into the hands of the young," and this simply because we should feel that, if here be all, our occupation as Sunday-school teacher is at an end, simply because the issue is even as

swift and brief as this : No Lord, no Gospel, no Church, nothing worth teaching, no Sunday school ! Look with Dr. Hase only or mainly on the human side of the Saviour, and there would not long be any question as to whether the book should be in the Sunday school or no. Gradually, but surely and fatally, our Lord's-day institutions would be reduced to a morning oration upon natural religion, with illustrations from religious literature, ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental, Indian, Hebrew, Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian, classic and romantic, and the Sunday school would be utterly obsolete. In some quarters this result has already been reached. It came about of dire logical necessity. Take the first step, and no force of old habit will long defer the last.

Now we do not bring this forward as an argument against the soundness of Dr. Hase's positions, but simply to explain our objections to his book as a Sunday-school manual. We could neither preach nor teach if we only knew "Christ after the flesh." We are not aware that natural religion ever had any teachers and preachers. Philosophers and moralists there have been, the sophists whose claims to be regarded as earnest teachers of moral truth Mr. Grote has so ably maintained ; but the Church, Jewish, Gentile, Christian, has ever rested upon the affirmation that God has come down to men. And when our Christianity has become natural religion, even though garnished still with a few wonders that have survived the attacks of scepticism, and illustrated still by the life of the wisest of human teachers, and the most devout and exemplary of saints, we shall come down from the pulpit, and close the Sunday school, — we might as well do it first as last, — and if we have still any desire to speak, which is not likely to be the case, we shall try to get a hearing from our friends in the Music Hall, who are the most consistent humanitarians that we know of, — save only in claiming to be the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Church, when they ought

to have the most profound contempt for such Babylonish jargon.

Now let it be noted that the writer in the Monthly Journal assures us, that "wherein the Monthly Religious Magazine would dissent from the conclusions of Hase, the translator of Hase would probably dissent also;" and, from what it is our good fortune to know of that excellent translator's convictions, we are persuaded that the writer is correct. We wish we were half as good a Christian as that translator. But we are moved to ask, Why be at the pains to put into English a book so utterly inadequate, and from which you so earnestly dissent? "Will ye plead for Baal? Let Baal plead for himself!" Are we told that it has been done for the sake of men who are harassed by doubts. We must reply, How can a book help them which does not set over against their doubts any considerations that are adequate to resolve these doubts? Had the translator prefixed or appended, as none could have done better than he, an essay in which he stated wherein he dissented from Hase's conclusions, and for what reasons, the book would have had a completeness which is now utterly lacking. It will be of no great service to the unbeliever to give him a somewhat improved conception of a merely human master, more "insights into the human side of the character of the Master." Mere "outcries against infidelity" are of course always wrong, foolish, and useless; but "arguments purely rational," without "appeals to the feelings or the conscience," never yet brought a single soul to Christ, and never will. "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ, but by the Spirit of the Lord," and even miracles are quite as much *objects* of faith as *grounds* of faith.

As to the desirableness of translating such a book, we think that a servant of the Church would have been better employed in making a better book of his own; but if it was to be translated, as an exhibition of so-called Christian opinion, there should have been in the preface warnings, dis-

claimers, and guide-posts pointing in other directions. The objection to translating such books is this, — that it enables easy readers, persons who would be at no pains to *study* German or anything else, the *quid nuncs* of the congregations, to acquire just enough of the argument of the Rationalist to nourish conceit and confound the unskilful. When we think of such sciolists, we wish that theology might be written now as of old in Latin, which is good enough for such purposes.

We confess to not a little discomfort in the thought of this "Life of Jesus" going forth to the world seemingly under Unitarian auspices, — not indeed indorsed by the American Unitarian Association, but directly or virtually commended by Unitarian authorities. We are sure that the "whirligig of time" will not soon give us anything of the kind from Bushnell, Beecher, Park, Phelps, Storrs, or any others of those who have shared in the "good done at Andover." They commit no such sad mistakes, and so, though they may not believe one whit more than many who are numbered as Unitarians, they are accounted believers, whilst Unitarians are called infidels. Believing, as do very many, perhaps the great majority of liberal Christians, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, they do not put forth books which "look at the Son of man rather than at the Son of God." They leave it for the Unitarian brethren to do such things. And the appearance of such works, under even an implied sanction of the standard-bearers of liberal Christianity, makes it incumbent upon all who are catalogued as Unitarians in the hand-books and directories to repeat most emphatically, that, whilst they cannot accept the *Tripersonality* set forth in creeds, and are therefore excommunicate and heretics in the eyes of the mass of Christians, — shut out sometimes from communion-tables, *always* from pulpits, — they do believe with all their hearts in the divine-human of the Saviour of mankind, and differ *toto celo* from those who, however reverently, find only the man

Jesus in the Gospels and in the traditions of the Church. We do not see that it is *illiberal* for those so holding and affirming to act in accordance with this conviction and affirmation. Because for lack of saying Trinity, because from our steady refusal to sign creeds for the letter when we only accept them for substance,—our refusal, for example, to say, "I believe in the resurrection of *the* body," when we only believe in the resurrection of *a* body,—we are not permitted to preach the Gospel which we hold to any save those who, like ourselves, are called heretics,—we do not feel bound to make common cause with, and to invite into our pulpits, and to set forward on their unprofitable errands, men who do not profess to believe in the Son of God. Their place is not in pulpits or in Sunday schools, where Christianity is not to be criticised, but to be taught and enforced. As children of God we shall try to love them, as honest men we shall respect them, as citizens we shall accord to them their rights; but we shall keep ourselves aloof from all recognition of them as ministers of Christ. We believe that the virtual understanding upon which our congregations are kept together, and our pastors called and installed, forbids any such recognition. When the people wish to hear the Gospel of Nature, let them distinctly say so, and the preachers of Christ can withdraw. We earnestly invite all who are striving to build upon the one foundation, all who are only subscribers for substance, to come and stand with us in Christian freedom, assuring them that we are not committed to a wild and lawless liberalism, to a cold, meagre Rationalism,—that we do not mean to keep open house for all comers under whatever pretence of faith,—that we stand for what seems to us the only consistent Protestant Christianity, that Word of God which is not bound, appealing to these seals, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," and "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity!" We accept no denominational title, choosing to be known only

as disciples of Jesus. We ask clergy and laity to come out from their sects, and stand where we stand, having one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. Faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is our creed.

It is claimed that Unitarianism is "hard to kill;" but so far as it has become Naturalism, it is dead already as a form of Christianity. Its life in that death is merely temporary, short at the best, longer or shorter as men are found more or less able and eloquent to pronounce its orations, longer or shorter as the traditions prove to be more or less firmly rooted in the hearts and in the ways of the people. As an institution it is doomed. The denomination, the only denomination which will prove, not only hard to kill, but immortal, is that company of believing men and women who are brought together through their common trust in Christ and love for the Lord Jesus, being vitally joined to him and therefore thinking mainly the same thoughts, sharing mainly the same affections and hopes, doing mainly the same work. Only take away the creeds in which multitudes whose names are written under them believe only in part, and there will be such a denomination, perhaps not in our day, but certainly before the end shall come. It would be easier, shrinking away from cold, dreary, barren naturalism, to sign for substance, to say Trinity, and the like, and make one's peace with some one of the old churches; but it seems to us truer and better to stand by this free Church into which we were born, and to save it, according to our poor ability, from decline, whether into Ritualism or into Rationalism. And we hope that the translator of Dr. Hase, having done, as it seems to us, more than justice to that distinguished theologian, will do something now to aid us in setting forth a richer faith than that which is developed in the *Leben Jesu*.

THE WIDOW OF BHONA.

ON Bhona's isle, I 've heard it said,
A lonely one her table spread ;
And kindled up her morning fire,
Though 'neath her roof no child, nor sire,
Nor gentle mother blest her more,
Nor husband entered at her door.

A widowed lot was hers to bear,
A widow's robe 't was hers to wear,
A widow's loneliness to feel,
A grief which God alone could heal ;
But still within that little cot
Doubt and repining entered not.

The sun looked down upon that place
With placid smile, and flowers did grace
The little garden's narrow bed,
And pleasant odors round her shed :
While softly fell the moonbeams clear
Upon a heart time could not sear.

She dwelt beside the foaming main ;
The glorious sea gave back again
Its ebb and flow ; and giant rocks,
That circled round, received the shocks
Of this upheaving, mighty power,
Stupendous in its calmest hour.

The fate of many a gallant bark,
That drifted near these shores at dark,
Though manned with seamen bold and stout,
Seemed shrouded in eternal doubt ;
But o'er the waters ceaseless swell
See yonder signal, known full well !

For many a pilot, brave and stern,
Each night a shining light did burn,
And send its clear, but tiny ray
Far o'er the rocks to guard the way :
Safely the ship and sailors go,
Secure from treacherous reefs below.

Widow of Bhona, this thy deed
Of Christian love in hours of need
Shall live and blossom like the flower,
Whose fragrance in its dying hour
Exhales upon the misty air
Sweetness that wanders everywhere.

So let the Christian's humble light
Shine forth in love through darkest night;
And guide by its own faithful ray
Our brother on life's dubious way:
Quiet, and beautiful, and true,
Forever radiant, ever new.

Widow of Bhona, though thy grave
Be washed by ocean's briny wave,
Though footstep never seek the spot,
Love such as thine is ne'er forgot,
While thou, beyond thy kindred sky,
Thy watch still keepest blessedly.

* * *

DR. SANGER.

THE death of this excellent man occurred at Cambridge, at the residence of Mr. Gannett, his son-in-law, on the 6th ultimo. The leading facts in his life have already been given, both in the secular and religious journals. He had nearly completed his seventy-fourth year; but his faculties were so fresh, and his mind so clear, and his spirit so cheerful and serene, that his friends might have anticipated that many more years would have been added to his life. But he has gone in the full possession and brightness of his faculties, and it is the lot of few men to leave memories in the hearts of the living so uniformly sweet and tender.

Dr. Sanger was a scholar. He graduated at Harvard College in 1808, with the first honors of his class, and was subsequently appointed Tutor, which office he held for one year. But it is as the pastor, friend, counsellor, and Chris-

tian that he is principally remembered. He was ordained pastor of the church in Dover, Mass. in 1812, which relation he sustained up to the time of his death, though for more than a year its stated duties had devolved upon his colleague, Rev. Edward G. Barker. About four years since his house was burned by an incendiary. The good man wept over the ashes of his home. It had been followed by domestic affections singularly warm and cheerful, by a paternal benignity which was always a benediction to those who approached his door, by a hospitality always kind and graceful, by a filial reverence from children and grandchildren who rose up to call him blessed, by the family ties of son and daughter with their brotherly and sisterly loves that breathed their harmonies through his household. He did not feel like putting a *new* house upon the place of the old parsonage, whose timbers and walls, thus steeped in the heart's fragrances, had there been turned to ashes. He removed to Cambridge and resided with his son-in-law, occasionally revisiting the old spot, where a peaceful ministry of nearly half a century had impressed his spirit upon the town, and associated everything with his name and his labors.

Dr. Sanger was a welcome preacher in the liberal pulpits in his vicinity. He never aimed at originality or eloquence or theological acumen; but his patriarchal simplicity, his benignant manners, his affectionate appeals, the childlike piety that kept his spirit healthful and fresh, and the oil of consolation which he knew how to transfuse through the wounded mind,—these were always appreciated, and secured to him a loving audience with his hearers. In conversation he was affable and animated, and full of anecdote and personal reminiscence, but tender of the reputation and the feelings of others. We mourn that we shall not see his cheerful face any more in this world, while we thank the Lord that he has lived in it and left to it the legacy of a character so spotless and pure. s.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE SILENT BENEFACTORS.

WE have been a good deal touched by the following little piece of biography, which has been furnished for the Monthly Magazine, and which, at the news of the good man's death, "flowed out of the heart" of one who had had the best opportunities for knowing the value of his labors. Father Peirce was barely heard of beyond the circle of his immediate friends and pupils, while by patient toil and self-sacrifice he was quietly shaping the minds that were to impress a coming generation more deeply and permanently than any political convention that ever assembled. There is something in the daily beauty of such a life that appeals to every one to be faithful in his own sphere. There is more of the true heroic in such a man, working on silently for a good cause, only for love of the cause itself, than in those whom the world usually calls great. The world does not generally know its best benefactors till they are gone. Not the least of the beneficent work of Horace Mann was his quickness to discern these kindred qualities in others, and draw them with the same kindling enthusiasm into the noble reform which they wrought for Massachusetts.

CYRUS PEIRCE.

In the death of this good man, society has met with one of those losses it often appreciates the least.

Mr. Peirce has been spoken of in such a comprehensive and comprehending manner by the Rev. S. J. May, his successor in the Lexington Normal School, that it is vain to think of adding any information of him which is not already before the public; but now that he has passed away, it is well to direct attention to that interesting memoir.

Mr. Peirce was the first Normal School teacher in this country, and was selected for that important post by the Hon. Horace Mann, while the latter was Secretary to the Massachusetts Board of Education, for the rare qualities which made his teaching invaluable. Mr. Mann found Mr. Peirce teaching in Nantucket, and was deeply impressed both with the scholarship and deportment of his pupils. He

mentioned to other persons resident in that part of the State the satisfaction he had felt in visiting the school. He was told in reply, by an old resident, that, for the last thirty or forty years, Mr. Peirce's scholars could be told all along the South Shore by the accuracy of their business habits, the integrity of their characters, and the intelligence of their minds.* Such a testimony was not lost upon Mr. Mann, and when he was ready to open the first Normal School, his thoughts immediately reverted to the Nantucket teacher, in whose school he had heard such remarkable recitations, — remarkable, not for their verbal accuracy, but for the intelligence and thought evinced by the pupils, and where he had seen such admirable discipline.

Mr. Mann felt the importance of having superior instruction, and the highest principles of discipline, or school morals, in this first Normal School, which he hoped to make the model of all future institutions of the kind in America, and through whose instrumentality he wished to elevate the moral tone of the common schools, — then, with occasional exceptions, very low. He was not disappointed in his expectations of Mr. Peirce. The school opened under many disadvantages and discouragements, and in the midst of much opposition, with *three pupils*. It was Mr. Peirce's first aim to enlist the moral interest of the pupils in the scheme, and thus to insure success. He was just the man to co-operate with Horace Mann in a work that required absolute perseverance and defiance of obstacles. They were both men of iron will and of indomitable resolution. Mr. Mann saw with prophetic eye what such institutions, if successfully carried on, would do for education. Mr. Peirce had the same conception, and brought to it a long and conscientious experience and knowledge of details. Together they resolved it should be executed, — together they executed it. The little band that soon gathered round Mr. Peirce at Lexington drank in their spirit in large draughts, and were equally resolved that it should succeed. Their intellectual labors were gigantic, and more than all, Mr. Peirce inspired in them, or rather evolved from them, a conscientious culture of their faculties, and an observance of law and order in little things, that soon began to show effects both in the school and out of it. It must be confessed,

* Mr. Peirce first taught in Nantucket in 1810, and again at intervals all through the years up to 1839, when he took charge of the first Normal School at Lexington.

that by the incitement of this noble motive to do well for the sake of the success of the establishment, and its future value to their country, that enthusiastic little company taxed themselves too violently, and some individuals were prostrated physically, and even mentally, by their efforts to excel; but in condemning the excess of their zeal, we must remember reverently that neither they nor their teacher were actuated by secondary motives. It was indeed a noble ambition. Mr. Peirce expiated his own defiance of Nature's physical laws by years of acute suffering and prostration and lingering disease; but it is doubtful if he ever repented for himself, though he grieved for his pupils, for he had enough of the martyr spirit to be willing to sacrifice himself to a great cause. In those days of small things, when the means of operation were scanty, and future grants from the State were to depend upon the primal success of the work, he performed almost incredible labors. He gave of his own means; he performed the most trivial outside services at the cost of his rest, his sleep, and his health, to save expenses; he made up, by personal watchfulness and attentions, for the short-comings and unfaithfulness of boarding-house keepers; he sought the intimacy, and gained the confidence of, each pupil, that he might adapt himself to the peculiar needs of each, moral and intellectual. At the same time he spared no exertions to prepare himself in the highest manner for exhaustive teaching, and at the end of three years even his fibrous temperament gave way, and he sank prostrate. During those years, his average sleep was not four hours in the twenty-four. In winter he rose at three or four o'clock, after exhausting night labors over compositions and analyses, which he criticised in the most careful manner, to be sure that his halls were well warmed, the premises accessible through the snows, and everything ready for action. He had no assistant, and not only heard all the recitations, but cultivated the power of thought and of conversation by discussions upon each one, and upon all school exercises and modes of discipline. In short, he fitted his pupils for their office in the short time which was the minimum session (one year), and which too often was all his pupils could afford,—for his earliest pupils were generally the daughters of widows, or orphans who were obliged to work out their own education by personal exertions.

To this day, Mr. Peirce's Normal School pupils are as marked among teachers, as were his early pupils on the South Shore among citizens. Those who entered the school thoughtless and frivolous

came out of it with a serious purpose. Their subsequent career depended, of course, upon the depth of their natures; but they never could rid themselves of a haunting conscience in reference to their duty as teachers. Their reverence for "Father Peirce," as he was lovingly called, was absolute. He was an outside conscience to every pupil. His requisitions were severe, — indeed, to some they seemed merciless. But it was his aim to give entire possession of the faculties, and to teach them, by rigid self-discipline, to learn to govern others, never by violence, but always by an earnestness that was irresistible. No sham could stand before the scrutiny of his investigation, no falsehood could long show an unblushing front to his calm and searching gaze. He praised little, but ever held the standard higher and higher.

"I would go on a pilgrimage to New York on my knees," one of his pupils exclaimed one day, "if by that I could hear Father Peirce once say the word *satisfied*."

This exclamation was repeated to Mr. Peirce by a friend, who used to feel keen sympathy for his somewhat overtasked pupils. The dear old Father listened with tearful eyes, for he loved all his pupils as if they were his own daughters, and this was a favorite one in whom his soul delighted, and in whom he did feel great satisfaction; and he replied, sadly, "Then I am not fit to keep the school!" But it was a useful lesson to him, for his iron strength had not then learned to appreciate the delicacy of a woman's nerves. In after years, when he vibrated with pain to a touch, or a sound, or even a thought, I am afraid he remembered and mourned over it. But it was a moral stimulus that he gave, and therefore it took the deepest hold of the finest natures.

But one feeling about him prevails among his numerous pupils. After two years of rest, he again resumed his place in the Normal School, and remained in it five years. Bodily and mental prostration again disabled him; but such was the resistance of his constitution, that, after a voyage to Europe, which he enjoyed very much, he resumed teaching in another gentlemen's school, where his labors were limited. He loved to be surrounded by the young. He had no children of his own, but all daughters, for whom he had so long been a second father, were his daughters, and to the last of his life he loved to have them make a part of his family. I have in my hand a note from one of these, from which I will extract a strong expression.

"What he was to all his adopted children nobody can be again. A tender father, a wise, faithful friend, a clear-sighted judge, a perfectly consistent example. Every one loved him, and none more than we who were most particularly under his care. To me he has been a kind friend, a teacher who was the first to rouse in me the love of true knowledge, and I shall always remember him as one of the purest and holiest natures with which I have ever met."

Hundreds of such testimonials might be collected. True greatness in virtue and the ordinary duties of life is seldom highly appreciated. So little were Mr. Peirce's services in this cause understood, except by his pupils, that when he left the Normal School, he felt that the Board of Education was upon the whole willing to resign him, — even glad, in order to avoid the inconveniences consequent upon the popular persecution of all men of liberal religious views. The Board, and indeed the State, preferred peace to progress, and the public having failed, even under the incitements of bigotry, to abate the zeal and resolution of Mr. Peirce and Mr. Mann in their prosecution of UNSECTARIAN public education, were willing to forego the educational labors of such men in order to be rid of partisan and sectarian opposition. It would have been too great an outrage if they had ventured to intimate that they should be removed, but the knowledge of their sentiments gave great pain especially to Mr. Peirce, who had lost health and strength by his efforts in the cause. Both friends felt it; both pressed on to other scenes of labor, and both laid down their lives on the altar of their country's improvement, at periods not far remote from each other. Mr. Peirce as truly deserves the public honors of his State as his more widely-known friend, who could not, without his aid, have achieved the perfect success of his plans for Normal Schools.

M. M.

HARRIS'S SONG-SNATCHES.

WE do not pretend to follow the flights of Rev. T. L. Harris, and he seems to us poised sometimes over steepes where the dangers are terrible. But the critics who think they dispose of him with such words as "tawdry," "blasphemy," "hypocrisy," make one think of the beetles cursing the swallows that curve through the blue air above them, because they will not drone like themselves, and butt against the board fences on wings of horn. Harris's song-snatches sometimes indicate a fancy of inimitable sweetness and delicacy

Here is one altogether Shakespearian, which William Howitt justly praises as "like primroses in the early spring woods."

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsake, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And yellow daffodils awake,
The virgin spring is fair to see.

"When streams through banks of daisies run, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
And skylarks hymn the rising sun,
Spring holds her courts in grove and lea.

"When cowslips load with sweets the air, —
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, —
Spring braids with flowers her golden hair,
And bids the mating birds agree.

8.

THE TWO DICTIONARIES.

GET both if you can afford it, but Worcester's you *must* have if you mean to keep up a loving acquaintance with this noble language which we use, and if you mean to make it the best and most efficient medium of thought. The difference between Worcester and Webster is easily summed up, and is as follows:—

First, Worcester simply chronicles the language as it is. Webster undertakes to reform it and record it as he thinks it ought to be. Follow Worcester, and you are perfectly sure of following the best living usage among the scholars of England and America. Follow Webster, and you run into American peculiarities both of orthography and orthoepy, or at least into *Websterisms*, which some people hope will be some time universally adopted; and which perhaps will be somewhere in the precession of the equinoxes,—and perhaps not.

Secondly, Worcester's definitions are terse, clear-cut, and to the point, and he never colors them with any notions of his own. Webster's have been praised as more *Evangelical*, which means that he injects a little Calvinism into them. For instance, he injects the vicarious atonement into the definition of the word Faith. This might be well if he put in also a little Universalism, a little Swedenborgianism, and a little Catholicism, and made a "dictionary of all religions;" but you get a dictionary of words twisted towards religion, as Dr. Webster thought it ought to be.

Thirdly, Worcester's notation is perfect, and cannot mislead. He has nicely discriminated all the shadings of the vowel-sounds. Webster unaccountably adopts Walker's notation, and leads us into the same blunders that Walker did. He does not distinguish between the long sound of *a* in *name*, and the long sound of *a* before *r* as in *care*. So if you are a teacher, and follow Webster, you will be training your pupils, perhaps, to say *pā-rent*, *fāir*, *snāre*, and so on, which neither Webster, nor Walker, nor any other scholarly person, ever intended you should.

Fourthly, the type of Worcester's is new, clear, and distinct. The type of Webster's is less so, and sometimes blurred.

Fifthly, in the way of pictures, Webster's dictionary unquestionably outdoes Worcester's both in number and size. It has fifteen hundred illustrations, and they are put apart by themselves. We like picture-books, and Webster's new dictionary beats those of the children. But we question whether the most scholarly taste, or the highest utility, would run quite so extensively and flaringly into this line. We do not see why the mottoes and coats of arms of the several States might not have been left to the children's geographies, and we cannot perceive that those two persons who are dancing a fandango throw any new light upon the nature of antic and saltatory performances.

In etymology both dictionaries are admirable, and both are splendid monuments of labor, and do infinite credit to American letters. Worcester's is a pure English dictionary of the universal English language wherever spoken. Webster's is American-English, evincing lifelong perseverance and patient scholarship, with innovations introduced from a Yankee desire of mending the language. Webster's we want, but to Worcester's, as we judge, must be the final appeal as authority, and, like daily bread, it is indispensable. s.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

LITTLE Alice was taught to say the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," and, taking it in a very literal sense, put in the gloss "brown bread." Perhaps she had experienced the influence of hot rolls and poisoned biscuits. How many families are poisoned by bad bread, and wonder what ails the children, and why everything goes wrong, and why the dark side of life is always turned towards them!

It is just as easy to have good bread, and by consequence, good digestion, good tempers, and good will, as it is to have that hard, sour, heavy lump, or, worse yet, that stuff hot and yellow with saleratus, and in consequence thereof dream that you are lying under Bunker Hill Monument, or think that you have committed the unpardonable sin. But do not lay off all the blame upon the housekeepers, unless you have learned yourself to distinguish good flour from poor, and keep the latter from invading your household.

A friend took us one day into the rooms of the Board of Trade in one of our great Western marts, where hundreds of people were gathered in groups around tables on which were spread samples of flour. You would see men pressing it in the hand with paper-folders, throwing lumps against the wall, mixing it in the palm with water, rubbing it between the thumb and finger, and on such experiments as these investing, perhaps, five thousand dollars, and never getting deceived in the quality. The following rules were said to furnish an infallible test : —

“First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, it is a good sign. Flour that will stand these tests it is safe to buy.”

And when bought, there is no more “good luck” about making it into good bread, than there is about the laws of Nature. It will “rise” if you subject it to the right conditions, as surely as the sun will rise. And these conditions can be as easily ascertained as the accidence of French verbs, or the ending of Latin nouns of the fifth declension, or the difference between *staccato* and *legato* in music; in fact, are quite as important in pitching the tune of the household economy to its appropriate harmonies. s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Church of the First Three Centuries, or Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers with special reference to the Doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late Origin and gradual Formation. By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. — This book has such an interblending of biography, history, and theological disquisition, and is written in a style so clear and flowing, that it will interest all classes of intelligent readers. The life and opinions of Justin Martyr, of Clement of Alexandria, of Origen, of Arius and his chief adversary and opponent, and of Eusebius the historian, are traced in connection with each other and their contemporaries, and their times very vividly illustrated. It is one of the pleasantest works on the ecclesiastical history of the first three centuries which one can take up, and is free from all dry and wearisome detail. The writer never loses sight of his main purpose, which is to show that the theology of the Christian fathers of these first three centuries was Unitarian, and that the Trinity as now received was the growth of a later age.

That in his main position he is right, we think must be conceded by the candid of all denominations. No trace of the doctrine of three coequal persons in the Godhead anywhere appears in these early ages. But that Dr. Lamson has expounded correctly the opinions of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, particularly those of Justin, Clement, Irenæus, Tertullian, and Origen, is a point which we presume will be strongly contested. He understands their Logos doctrine to be that the Son is God, though inferior to the Father, and having a derived Divinity. They are two distinct beings as much as Peter and John, but the Father was supreme and underived. The Son was Divine because begotten of the Father, just as a prince born of a royal line is himself royal, though he rules under the king that begat him. But they are two distinct beings, as much as the king and his son that lives in his house. Their being *consubstantial* only means that they had a common Divine nature, just as Peter and John have a common human nature. We certainly do not understand this to be the subordination system of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, or that they slid into a Ditheism so bald and literal.

The Logos doctrine was put forth in opposition to the Monarchians, who confounded all distinctions in the Divine nature. The Patripassianists taught that Christ was the Father under a different name, and merely veiled with flesh. Against such an absurdity was elaborated the Logos theory, which is, that between the Supreme and his universe there is a Mediator, eternally begotten, through whom all things are made and through whom alone the Father passes over into humanity. In putting this antagonistically, they sometimes seem to separate God from his Logos, so as to make the latter a distinct being. These passages Dr. Lamson cites. But there are others which look the other way, and which go to show that their conception was not of an hypostasis separated and cut off from God, making another and a different Deity, like the heathen notion of gods by birth and family. Tertullian expressly and distinctly disclaims this; Dionysius of Rome charges it against Dionysius of Alexandria, and the latter explains and modifies and relieves himself of the charge.*

If, as Dr. Lamson seems to represent, these Fathers taught that Christ came out from the Father, and was separated from him as an inferior God, they must have fallen upon the very notion of Gnostic emanation which they wished also to oppose. But it does not by any means follow, because they speak of the Son as "dependent," "secondary," or "derived" from the Father, that they mean to describe one being derived from another being. Nothing like *natural* birth seems intended, but something analogous to the human understanding, always shaped out of a higher love-principle, derived from it, filled with it, and dependent upon it. They give the Divine Logos, answering to the Reason in man, a kind of objectivity in itself; as if God contemplated it separately, conversed with it as man consults his understanding, sent it forth and hypostatized it in Christ, yet never separated it from himself as another Deity. So we understand them, and this we take as their subordination theory. Whatever we may think of their distinctions, we should interpret them after their own Platonic — shall we not say Johannic? — conceptions, and not through our extreme Occidentalism.

Dr. Lamson's history of the Arian controversy is made lively and

* See Neander's *Anti-Gnostikus*. Bohn, p. 523. History by Torrey, pp. 606, 607.

interesting by biographical incident, and the description of the Nicene Council is exceedingly graphic. But he does not seem to us to bring out with sufficient boldness the grand issue between the two parties, or the theological value and bearing of the doctrine on which they split. He seems to treat it as a war of words or barren abstractions. Whether Christ as the Logos was "begotten" or "created" may seem trivial to us, but it was not so from their position, and with the meaning with which those words were pregnant. If Christ was eternally begotten of the Father, — a genesis always out of his own nature, like man's reason and speech out of himself, then Christ and his Gospel are *continuous* from God, and never cut off from his essence. The chasm between man and the Supreme is bridged over. Christ is not sent *from* God, like a messenger, to tell something, but he comes *out of* God, and is therefore the projection into time of the Divine itself, and the revelation of the Godhead, and his words are instinct with the Deity. On the other hand, if Christ was *made*, created out of nothing, and not a genesis out of the Divine substance, then the abyss between God and humanity is deep and wide as ever. God is away in the deeps of eternity, not continuously in Christ and his Word, and we are remanded to the baldest Deism. Christianity loses its significance. God has sent it over to us externally by a messenger, but he is not in it himself; it is not the expression of his own life or the living projection of his own attributes. So at least the consubstantialists must have understood the issue, and can we marvel at the importance they attached to it?

That the Logos doctrine verged to the very borders of Tritheism, and sometimes went over to it, and at length went hopelessly into it, must be admitted, and the book gives a clear idea of its downward stages. As descriptive too of the habits and manners of the Christians of the first three centuries, how they lived and worshipped, how they loved, quarrelled, and hated, the book is an exceedingly valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. S.

A History of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn. By JACOB BIGELOW, President of the Corporation. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. — A duodecimo of 96 pages, containing a map of Mount Auburn, engravings of the tower and the chapel, a history of the formation of the association, the original purchase of the ground, laying it out in lots and avenues, and the addresses and

reports of Mr. Everett, Judge Story, and Dr. Bigelow, with the acts of incorporation and the by-laws. To this is appended a Directory to the avenues and paths, making a neat little manual for proprietors or for visitors to that lovely spot.

Introductory Lessons on Mind. By the Author of *Lessons on Reasoning, Lessons on Morals, etc.* Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. — This is a republication of a small treatise written by Archbishop Whately. It does not aim at completeness, but is full of suggestion, written in the clear and simple style of which the author is well known to be master, and abounds in facts and illustrations which make it interesting. The distinction between instinct and reason, between desires and appetites, between resemblance and analogy, language, wit, memory, self-love, self-esteem, humility, desire of approbation and its dangers, desire of society and of power, idiocy, insanity, mania, and delirium; — such is the range of topics, and they are treated with an ease and familiarity constantly furnishing hints and seeds of thought. It will be a useful book for young or old.

S.

Seventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, together with Reports of Committees appointed to visit the County Societies, with an Appendix for 1859. Edited by C. L. FLINT, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. — All the principal topics which can interest the practical farmer are here treated, and the results of careful experiments given. Butter, how churned and at what temperature, how preserved, carrots, corn, drainage, farm implements, fertilizers, turnips, fruit-trees, grafting, milch cows, pear culture, effects of plaster of Paris, reports on ploughing, on potatoes, mode of pruning, swamp-lands, reports on swine, on wheat, on working oxen, management of orchards; — such are the subjects on which information is here given. It is a volume of 324 pages, carefully compiled, with an Index at the end.

Lessons at the Cross. By SAMUEL HOPKINS. With an Introduction, by Rev. George W. Blagden, D. D. Seventh Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Blagden says of the work: "No Christian can read it without being helped by it in walking in the strait and narrow path." The piety which the book inculcates is founded on that view of the Saviour which makes his sufferings

penal and expiatory, and this view is everywhere made prominent. But the book is fervently written; its spirit is not sectarian. Yet it is too barren of thought and too much filled up with diluted commonplaces. Its clear type, fair paper, and beautiful binding are worthy of special commendation. s.

Letters on the Divine Trinity, addressed to Henry Ward Beecher. By B. F. BARRETT. Second Edition. New York: Mason Brothers. — Here are seven letters, in our brother Barrett's happiest and most vigorous style, on the greatest theme of human thought and investigation. He unfolds with great perspicuity the New Church doctrine of the Trinity, shows its reasonableness and its entire harmony with that of the Divine Unity, its harmony with revelation, its direct practical bearing on the regeneration of man or the restoration of the Divine Image in him. He shows by strong contrast the worth of a living, practical doctrine, in comparison with a hard, metaphysical, and barren dogma. It is a little book of 137 pages. Get it and read it. s.

The Avoidable Causes of Disease, Insanity, and Deformity. By JOHN ELLIS, M. D. New York: Mason Brothers. — Dr. Ellis thinks the American people are degenerating physically, and he tries to point out the remedy. He describes the causes of disease, spiritual and natural, abuse of the digestive organs, violations of the condition of healthful development in regard to air, light, and exercise; he treats of the proper and improper management of children, and the cause of their diseases, deformity, and mortality, and diseases incident to ladies, and how induced. These, it will be seen, are vastly important topics, and the book contains much sound advice and useful information respecting them. Dr. Ellis is against the use of tea and coffee, and thinks animal food necessary only through hereditary tendencies and confirmed habits of sensualism, though it cannot always be safely dispensed with at present. On the tea and coffee question, when doctors disagree, the people will probably consult their own experience as to what suits their several cases. Dr. Ellis's book is "for the people as well as the professions," and embodies facts and principles which every one ought to know who lives in a mortal body. s.

Notes on Nursing. By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Boston: Wil-

liam Carter. — A biography is prefixed to the "Notes," but the notes themselves reveal the character of Florence Nightingale. They were prepared and issued during sickness and pain, and are marked throughout by clear common sense, tender humanity, the fruits of large personal experience, and delicate womanly perceptions of the wants of the sick-room. The essentials of the health of houses; how to manage difficult details; how to behave in a sick-room; food, bedding, light, cleanliness, cooking; talk with patients about their sickness; — these are topics treated, and always with wise suggestions. All who are liable to be sick or have charge of the sick — and that includes everybody, we believe — should read the book and practise it. s.

Mademoiselle Mori. A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — An historical romance faithfully done is one of the most valuable contributions to literature. This one is a vivid picture of modern Rome, its manners and every-day life. Its scenes lie through the Italian Revolution of 1848–9. Some of the incidents are historical, and the whole gives a strong impression of the manner in which private life is affected by public catastrophes and convulsions. The story never flags, is sure to engage the reader's sympathies, and impress permanently the imagination with its delineations of Italian life and character. s.

Rita, an Autobiography. Boston: Mayhew and Baker. — Rita is a young girl, the eldest of a family of children living in Paris. The book illustrates the dangers, temptations, and immoralities of Parisian society as they beset the young, showing them in contrast with English and American life. Rita escapes through them whole and pure, and her experiences make up the interest of the tale. Her character is exceedingly well drawn; she wins upon the reader, and wakes all his love and admiration, and holds it to the end. s.

The Semi-detached House. Edited by LADY THERESA LEWIS. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a work of fiction; the scenes and characters English. It is pleasantly written, is designed to show that good is to be found in the world where you are not looking for it, if you cultivate the kindly sympathies that search it out. Its lessons are useful, and its tone good and healthful. s.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Taking a Stand. By the Author of *Hugh Fisher*. Boston: Henry Hoyt. — A story of little Richard, faithful to principle through great temptations. It is a temperance tale, finely told, with many touching incidents, and will not only excite the interest of children so that they will be sure to finish it when once begun, but will also leave the best moral impression with them. s.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS,
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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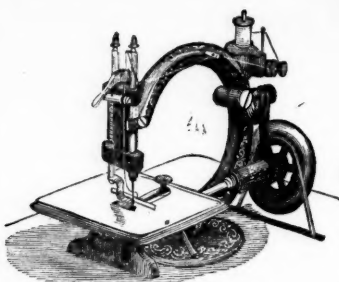
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